Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1839.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M A. is received, and warmly welcomed. The gentleman addressed will soon respond on his own account.

Mr. K., of Mississippi, will observe that an earlier hand has exposed the error to which he has called our attention.

Senex is informed that his communication was not inserted, inasmuch as we had about that time received information which rendered his conjecture doubtful. We can make inquiries on the subject of the pedigree.

The communication of H., of Cincinnati, was lucklessly mislaid; it has this moment turned up, and shall be put to early account.

G. T.'s letter is before us. How to account for the £8 charge, we know not. Were a gentleman to make application to the P. O. and show the work, it could not be that the extortion would be practised. The "naughty one" shall write immediately upon his return.—G

We are unable to say whether W goes to that theatre. In this world, "wonders never cease," but we had hitherto given him credit for more shrewdness, than to allow himself to be so sacrificed. The most extravagant proposals have been made to him, we learn; to us the motive seems obvious.

Mr. J. H. W. of Charleston, is informed that his partner ordered the paper to be stopped at Charleston, and to be sent to 305½ Broome st., New York; which has been done. If he is still dissatified, and will designate, with the consent of his partner, to whom the money shall be paid, it shall be returned with all cheerfulness

T. H. H.'s request shall receive the most prompt attention.

Can any of our subscribers give us information as to the whereabouts of a horse called *Adonis*—a near relation to Medoc, as we understand?

If the man who stole the November number of the "Sporting Review" from our office, will return the same, he shall be forgiven for cutting the two engravings out of the "Sportsman" and making off with them.

☞ We are again reluctantly compelled to announce to the gentlemen who receive the Sporting Review through this office, that their November numbers have not arrived. We wrote to the Agent in Liverpool on the subject, by the "British Queen."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1839.

New Books.—We have again upon our table a pile of new books, fresh from the great Philadelphia publishers, Lea & Blanchard. The first on the list is "A Continuation of the Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian;" by Mrs. Mathews, in two volumes, 12mo. If you are fond of fun, go and buy this book. There was something so original about all that Mathews did, said, or thought, that one could be hardly more pleased by his very best acting than by any of his familiar letters to his wife. Opening the volumes at haphazard, the following story struck our eye. The whole seems to be written in the same vein, interspersed with letters from the wit himself. Another week, our extracts shall be more voluminous.

My husband, on his way homewards from the north, just after assize time, on entering the mail, was fortunate enough to find only two gentlemen, who, being seated opposite to each other, left him the fourth seat for his legs. This comfort was a very unusual instance of good luck to my husband, who never entered a public coach without encountering either a baby in arms, a sick child, or a man in a consumption. The gentlemen passengers were very agreeable men. One, a Scotchman, always *a safe card*. At the close of the evening, the latter encased his head and throat in an enormous fold of white linen, and then sunk back to sleep, looking like *the veiled prophet*; while the other, an Englishman, was characteristically satisfied with a "comfortable." My husband, who was never a wrapper-up, sat prepared to receive the night as a friend rather than as an enemy, content and happy at the advantage already mentioned.

Just as the trio had sunk into their first forgetfulness, before the coachman or guard could "murder sleep" with the startling intimation of "Going no farther!" they were awakened by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, a light at the door of an inn, and a party of rough discordant voices, bidding; however, a cordial farewell to a large, be-coated, and portentous stranger, who, in a broad Yorkshire dialect, wished his companions "a good night," reminding them that he had paid *his* share of the reckoning, when, to the great discomfiture of our three *insides*, the door of the mail was opened, and the fourth passenger invited by the guard to enter without further loss of time.

Since the three gentlemen had "dropped off," the weather had suddenly changed from frost to snow. A heavy sleet had fallen; and the man we have mentioned quitted the open air, and entered the coach with, appropriately enough, a frieze coat on, powdered all over with the effects of the weather. All shrunk from the *damp stranger*, who felt all the active embarrassment which attends the entrance into a dark carriage, amongst an uncounted party, in a total ignorance of the whereabout of the vacant seat, and which no courteous hand directed him to. He was pushed, first by one, then the other, and at last my husband forcibly, in keeping him off from his own person, lodged the huge, rough-coated animal into the space he was destined to fill.

All were discontented at this intrusion, and sufficiently chilled and disturbed to be in a very ill-humor with the odious *fourth*. They, however, seemed tacitly to agree not to speak to the new comer, but endeavor to regain their before happy unconsciousness. But *they* had not been spending a jovial evening, as *he* had whose "absence" they would have "doted upon." *He* was in any thing but a sleeping mood; and after a minute's rustling about, in order to *settle himself*, treading upon my husband's toes, elbowing his neighbor, begging pardon for his so doing, &c., all which was received with a sullen silence, he asked, in a voice which seemed like thunder to the sleepers, while he held the pull of the window in one hand—"Coompany! oop or down?" *Answer made they, none.*

Again he inquired, still dubious of what might be "agreeable," and desirous to prove himself a polished *gentleman*, "Coompany! oop or down?" Still receiving no answer, a smothered oath bespoke his disgust at such an uncourteous return for that polite consideration for his fellow-passengers; and, with some exasperation of tone, he repeated, "Dom it!—I say, Coompany—*oop or—down?*" Still not a word; and, with another "*dom*," he allowed "t'window" to remain *down*.

It was clear to the half-perceptions of the drowsy travellers that he of the frieze coat had laid in enough spirit to keep him from chilliness, and they hoped the potency of his precaution would soon make himself unconscious, as they were disposed to be. But no: still he was restless and talkative. All at once, however, a

> "Change came o'er the spirit of his dream;"

he, it appeared, for the first time, perceived the alteration in the weather. His excitement at the door of the little inn, where he had left his friends, had caused him totally to overlook the snow; and he saw it now with all that stupid wonder with which such persons receive the most natural transitions, and he exclaimed, in audible soliloquy, "Eh! ma God! what's this! whoigh! the whole country's covered wi' snow!—eh! it's awful. *Coompany!*—wake up and see t' snow!—eh! they're all asleep. Good God! whoigh it's wonderful and awful!—Good Lord, what a noight—*what* a noight! Eh! God presarve all poor creters on the western coast this noight!" Then roaring out once more, in increased vehemence of tone, "*Coompany!*—wake, I say, and see t' noight!—Eh! they're dead, I reckon!—eh, ma God! what a noight! awful, I reckon!"

In this manner did he go on, until the patience of the English gentleman was tired out, and he at length spoke:—"I wish, sir, you'd show some feeling for *us*, and hold your tongue. We were all asleep when you came in, and you're a positive *nuisance*."

"Eh!" said he of the frieze coat; "I loike that, indeed! Oive as much right here, I reckon, as others—*dom!* awve paid my fare, ar'nt I!" said he, (his voice rising as he remembered his claims to consideration,) "I'm a respectable *man*—my name's John Luckie—I owes nobody onything. I pay King's taxes—I'm a respectable *man*, I say. Aw help to support Church and State."

On he went, with all the senseless swagger of cup valor and self-laudation, till he of the "*comfortable*" again grumbled out his anger. Again the huge *drover* (for such he was) thundered forth his *rights* and summed up his title to respect—"Eh! *dom!*—what have I done? I comm'd into t' coach loike a gentleman! didn't I? I was civil! wasn't I? I said, *Coompany, oop or down?* Ye none o' ye had the politeness to answer! ye were not *loike* gentlemen!!! Dom! I'se a respectable *man*—I've no book-larning, but I pay King's taxes! My name's John Luckie: I care for nobody. I'm a respectable *man*, I say." Then looking again out of the window, and relapsing into his ejaculatory mood and stupid abstraction,—"Eh! what an awful noight! Lord be merciful to all mariners this noight! Lord be merciful to all poor souls on the western coast!" he hiccupped out, and again the *gentleman* assailed him with a command that he would be *silent*. John Luckie at this became every moment louder and more intolerable. At length his sense of oppression became so strong that his independence reached its climax, and he declared that he would *not* hold his tongue, or be quiet—"no, not for Baron Hullock himself, nor if the great Mr. Brougham (or, as he pronounced the name Mr. *Bruffem*,) *himself* was in t' coach."

My husband, who found all tendency to sleep broken up by this obstreperous fellow, now conceived a desire to amuse himself with his fellow-passenger, and, just as John Luckie's last declaration was uttered, Mr. Mathews leant forward to him, and in a half-whisper said, with affected caution, "Hush! you are not aware, but you have been speaking all this time to Baron Hullock himself!"—The drover seemed to quail under this intimation. "Whoigh! you don't say so!" "*Fact*, I assure you; and opposite to him is *Lady* Hullock!" [The Scotchman with the white drapery over his head began to titter at this.]—"Whoigh! good God! don't tell me *that!* Eh! what shall I *do?* Good Lord! what have I said! Art thou sure!"—"I am indeed," said Mr. Mathews; "they are Baron and Lady Hullock, and *I* am Mr. Brougham." "Eh!" said the man in a tone of actual terror, "let me go!"—and struggling to open the coach door—"let me go! I'm no coompany for sitch gentlefolks; aw've no book-larning. Let me get out here guard! Stop! I woint roide here ony longer!" The guard was insensible to this; and on went the coach, and still John Luckie struggled; and in his rough and clumsy movements a little of my husband's ventriloquy proved a useful auxiliary to urge his welcome departure; and a child suddenly cried out as if hurt. "Eh! my God! what, is there a bairn i' t' coach too! Eh! my Lord Baron, pray forgive me, I meant no offence. My name's John Luckie. I said, coompany oop or down? I meant to be civil. Eh! my Lady Hullock, I hope I've not hurt thy bairn."—The child's cries now increased. "Eh! ma bairn, where *ort* thee! *Dom!* what *must* I do? Guard! stop and let me out! Egh! what a noight!—Guard! I'm not fit coompany for Baron Hullock and *Mr. Bruffem*, I know. Let me out, I say!" At last his voice reached the higher powers, and the coach stopped, and *as* soon, out rolled the porpoise of a man, who again begging the *Baron* and his *Lady* to overlook his rudeness, and asking pardon of "*Mr. Bruffem*," he was with some difficulty hoisted upon the top of the mail, and off it drove.

The two inside gentlemen (who had been trying to stifle their amusement) now laughed out, and thanking Mr. Mathews for his device, they all three composed themselves, and now and then catching by the wind a broken phrase from John Luckie, as he gave vent to his feelings to the coachman and guard:—"Baron Hullock"—"Bairn"—"My Lady Hullock"—"Mr. Bruffem," &c., all of which must have puzzled his listeners without, who doubtless attributed his account to the quantity of rum toddy which they might suppose had filled his brain with such unreal mockeries.

When the sleeping trio awoke, they found *John Luckie* had been *dropped* at his destination, where he would again, no doubt, recount, with a flourish of his own, his adventures with his dignified fellow-passengers, "Baron and Lady Hullock, and Mr. Bruffem."

These amusing volumes are for sale at Messrs. Wiley & Putnam's.

Our next book is entitled "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," by Edgar A. Poe. Mr. Poe was formerly the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, and is said to be clever. His volumes reached us at too late an hour to be read for this week. We therefore only hope that the premonitory encomiums on his tales, in the second volume, were placed there by the publisher, and not the author.

The last book we have to name is, "The Governess," by the Countess of Blessington, in two volumes 12mo. This novel we have not yet read, but endorse it on the strength of our admiration for the authoress, who is one of the cleverest women alive. All these books are for sale at Wiley & Putnam's Broadway.

ENGLISH GLEANINGS.

In running over the latest English files with some care, little is to be found of marked interest. Annexed are such items of sporting intelligence as we have met with. The trotting matches which before this have come off at Liverpool are the events most likely to interest city sportsmen. The 27th and 29th of November were the days named for the matches. On the 27th the "*Birmingham mare*" and the "*American horse*" were to go for £300 a side. They were, on the 15th ult., both on the ground, doing well; the mare was the favorite, as it is said in the Liverpool Chronicle. As the sport was altogether a novel one on the "Aintree Course," considerable interest was awakened.

It may hardly be necessary to add that the subjoined extracts are almost exclusively from "Bell's Life in London."

The following horses have been purchased by Mr. Lichtwald, to go to Germany:—

Sam Veller, by Margrave, dam by Whisker
Roderick, by Emilius—Shillelagh's dam
B. c. by Voltaire, out of Comedy (1834)
Br. c. by Belzoni, out of Zillah
Emprise, by Emilius
Top-gallant, by Taurus
Ephemeron, by Emilius
Ch. c. by Economist, dam by Bob Booty
Doctor Slop, by Doctor Faustus
Peter the Great, by Voltaire
Brother to Margrave
Pedlar, by Belzoni
Scamander, by Priam, out of Arachne
Brother to Gibraltar, by Muley
C. by Clearwell, out of Liska
C. by Camel, out of Breeze
Ch. m by Tarrare, sister to Stockwell Lass
Miss Breeze; covered by Camel
Polygar mare; covered by Newton
Violante, sister to The Saddler
Lady de Gros; covered by Velocipede
Pydna, by Emilius; covered by St. Patrick
Eve, by Paulowitz; covered by Ishmael
Oak-leaf, by Royal Oak; cov. by Taurus
Ayesha, by Sultan; covered by Camel
Br. m. by Filho da Puta, dam by Camelino; covered by Bizarre
B. m. by Ishmael, out of Alea; covered by Bro. to Glaucus
B. m. by Sultan, out of Pawn Junior; cov. by Camel
Padrenessa, by Patron; covered by Sir Hercules
Oddums, by Zinganee; covered by Sir Hercules
Ch. m. by Camel or Tarrare, out of Martha
Observatory, by Bustard; covered by Augustus
Ch. m. by Bizarre, dam by Guy Mannering
B. m. by The Colonel, out of Palatine
Ch. f by Augustus, out of Amoret by Abzer
Sister to Musselman, Muley
Maud, by Morisco, out of Merrymaid; cov. by Bentley

Besides the above, Roxana, 2 yrs., a colt by Buzzard, out of Bamboo's dam, 3 yrs., Hill Coolie, Antler, and several others, are gone abroad. The demand was great, and the prices high.

Mr. Fisher has bought the following horses to go to Holstein: Chesnut colt, bred by Lord Lowther in 1837, got by Vanish, out of Pomona (Raby's dam), got by Vespasian, her dam by Walton, out of Y. Giantess (Sorcerer's dam), by Diomede; brown colt, bred by Mr. Grover in 1837, got by Laurel dam by Fyldenex, her dam Guildford, Nan's dam, &c.; Tawny Owl by Buzzard, out of Stately, by Straightwaist, out of Paradigm, by Partisan; Gawky, got by Muley, out of Eliza, by Rubini (covered by Rockingham); and Dart, by Defence, out of Cinderella, by Gaberlunzie. This last-mentioned horse ran very forward for the Derby (fourth or fifth), is by a stallion which is every year becoming more fashionable, and will be a most valuable addition to the Holstein stud.

Wardan.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. Wreford has refused an offer of 200 gs. and half his engagements, for his colt, from Mr. John Newman, of Walton Hill, near Tewkesbury.

We understand that Top-gallant, brother to Mouche, Scamander, Richmond, and filly by Augustus, out of Amoret, have been sold to go abroad.

Epsom Races.—Under the direction of Mr. Farrall, Clerk of the course, several improvements have recently been effected on the course and exercise ground. A new two mile course has been made, starting at the Grand Stand, running about a mile out towards the six-mile hill, and back. A two mile sweat has also been made on the six-mile hill, the different gallops levelled, and the stones carefully removed from every part appropriated to training and racing. The expenses have been defrayed by the Stewards, who have shown every disposition to promote the convenience of trainers, the safety of their horses, and the accommodation of the public. Farrall's training-stables, which are on the downs, afford every facility, and will no doubt be selected by those who are desirous of sending horses from the north to be trained for the Derby, Oaks, and other engagements in the vicinity of the metropolis.

The Brighton Stakes.—We are happy to state that the dispute respecting this race has been amicably settled.

Mr. Allen has sold his Derby colt, Fitzroy, by Belshazzar, to Mr. Gregory, and he is now with Fitzambo, at Trenn's stables, Beckhampton.

Richard Boyce, late trainer to Lord Suffield, has left Newmarket for Paris, to train for Lord Henry Seymour, "*vice*" Carter, who "retires," after a career of almost unexampled success William Boyce is engaged as jockey to the same Noble Lord.

Mr. T. Perren, the Newmarket starter, will officiate as judge at the ensuing coursing meeting there.

Mr. T. A. Smith's Stud.—We are sorry to hear Mr. T. Ashton Smith is declining the turf. He has sold his colt Grecian, by Glaucus, out of Squib; Benedetta, a filly, by Defence, out of Phantasima; and a filly by Ishmael, out of Marrowfat; all yearlings, to Fulwar Craven, who has also purchased his filly foal by Bay Middleton, out of Care. Lord George Bentinck has purchased the brood mares.

The Duke of Grafton has sold his 3 yr. old colt Courier, to Mr. F. Beresford, for the Duke of Brunswick, for £400. From his blood and racing-like form, he will no doubt prove a valuable acquisition to his Serene Highness's stud.

We understand that Mr. I. Day has refused an offer of 2000 gs. for Caravan to go abroad.

Harkaway.—We understand that Harkaway will cover twenty mares, at 100 guineas each.

Great Match for £200.—On Monday last nearly the whole of the officers of the garrison, and many other leading characters of Dublin, assembled together in the Phœnix Park, to witness one of the most extraordinary feats of pedestrianism upon record, by Lieut. Tuite, of the 19th Regiment of Foot, who undertook to run ten miles in one hour and twenty minutes; likewise long odds, to a heavy amount, that he would run his last mile in six minutes and a half, which, for an amateur, is considered a great undertaking. Precisely at four o'clock the gentleman, surrounded by his friends, all well mounted, appeared at the second mile-stone, and commenced the race (umpires and referee being chosen), very steadily performing the first four miles in 27 minutes, proceeding at the rate of about eight miles an hour. Walking part of his ninth mile, to prepare for his last, on which there was upwards of £1000 pending. Here he appeared much fatigued, but to the astonishment of all present, he made a tremendous push, and performed his last mile in five minutes and thirty-five seconds, accomplishing the whole distance of ten miles in one hour, ten minutes, and thirty-five seconds, thus winning the two events. He was accompanied the whole distance by Mr. Cootes, the celebrated pedestrian, who trained him for the match, and to whom, we must say, much credit is due. At various times in the race Mr C. was obliged to keep him back, as it was feared Mr. T. would over run himself, which might have lost him the race; however, by sometimes urging him, and at others checking him, according to the state of his wind, this extraordinary feat was accomplished. Mr. Tuite is a gentleman of high family in the county Westmeath, highly respected by his brother officers. He is of a very delicate appearance, which caused the heavy odds against him; for, at starting, one gentleman actually bet £10 he would not get through the distance. We thought it rather unkind of two or three persons urging on "Cantering Jack" to follow him, apparently by way of annoyance; but Jack's day having gone by, he labored in vain, as he gave up on the second mile.

Our readers are aware that a rumor has prevailed for the last few weeks that it was the intention of the Marquis of Waterford, to hold a tournament at Ford next Spring. We now understand that the Noble Marquis has abandoned, if he ever entertained, all intention of the kind. Berwick Advertiser.

Caution to Sportsmen.—On Thursday week Mr. Philip Alexander, only son of a solicitor, of Hingham, in Norfolk, accidentally shot himself in the following manner: he had been out shooting at a distance, accompanied by a medical friend, and was about to return home in the afternoon; the guns were put into the case, and carefully placed within the straps of the dash-board of the gig. Mr Alexander imagined his gun did not lay even, and took hold of the muzzle to draw it a little forward, when unhappily it went off, and the contents, together with part of the case of the gun and of two coats, passed through the top part of his arm, near the shoulder-joint. The wound is considered so serious that very little hopes are entertained of the safety of his life.

On the morning of Saturday, the 5th instant, Alexander Cumine, Esq., jun., of Rattray, attended by his gamekeeper, left Rattray house, on a shooting excursion. About one o'clock he had occasion to reload one of the barrels of his gun, the lock of the other barrel had unfortunately been left on full cock, and going off, while the unhappy gentleman, in the act of drawing a charge from his shot bag, was slightly stooping over the muzzle, the contents of the barrel entered his brow under his right eye, and passed through the top of his head. He instantly fell backwards and expired.

Grand Steeple Chase at Winkfield, near Windsor.—On Saturday last a grand steeple chase came off over three miles of the Winkfield country, near Windsor, for a piece of plate presented by Captain Martyn, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, five forfeit, for horses *bona fide* the property of officers belonging to the 2d Regiment of Guards, stationed at Windsor, and to be ridden by officers belonging to the regiment. The second horse to receive back his stake. There were fifteen subscribers, eight of whom paid forfeit.

The start took place in a field adjoining the lower farm-house of Mr. Leader, on the Follyjohn Park estate, Winkfield, at half-past two o'clock. The horses, which were ridden by the owners, arrived at the winning post as follow:—

Lord Drumlanrig's br. g *The Cottager*	
Mr. Naylor's bl. g. The Count	2
Capt. Blanc's ch. g. King David	3
Mr. Ogilvie's bl. g. Jack Nasty	0
Mr. Tollemache's bl. g. Midnight	0
Mr. Lucas' b. g. The Cardinal	0
Mr. Freke's b. h. Little John	0

On the word "Go" being given the whole went off well together, Midnight taking the lead, and making strong running up the hill. At the fifth fence Cottager made a "mistake," and, falling, gave his rider a dirty though harmless fall. Lord Drumlanrig, however, was soon mounted again, and in the next field caught up King David, Midnight, and the Count, who now formed the "advance guard." In this order they proceeded till within two miles from home, when Midnight, who up to this point had taken the lead, cried "Enough." The race here became very interesting, the Count and King David running neck and neck into the winning field, over the last fence. Cottager (who had been quietly waiting on the two leading horses), when not fifty yards from the winning-post, made a rush *a la Chifney*, and won cleverly by two lengths, the Count only beating King David by a neck for the second place.

The horses were ridden in most admirable style; the jockeyship of Lord Drumlanrig was excellent. The distance, which extended for about three miles over grass land, rendered dreadfully heavy by the late rains, was run in nine minutes.

A second race was got up on the spot between three horses, the property of Lord Drumlanrig, Mr. Lawley, and Mr. Tollemache, over the last mile and a half of the ground, which was won cleverly by the latter gentleman, after a good race with Lord Drumlanrig.

THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK:

OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR SALMON, TROUT, &c.

> "Happier is the man who has all his resources for pleasure within himself."
> GREY FRIAR.

CHAPTER VII.

(SCENE.—*The fire-side.—Time, Evening, near Llanrwst.*)

Herb.—How beautifully serene is the landscape before us!—the very beau ideal of Claude-like imagination. Does not that rugged mountain, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, light up the picture splendidly.

Theoph.—In truth it does. It is Galt-y-foel, and on the right in shadow is Gwydyr cliff, washed by the silvery windings of our "field of future glory,"—"fair Conway." The rocks over Bettws occupy the back ground, while the faint shadow of Penmachno fills up the picture, shutting cut, as it were, from this quiescent scene all the cares and turmoils of a busy world. 'Tis a peaceful vale, fertilized by a pure river, pouring out life and health to fish and fishermen! The curling peat smoke which soars over this little town, is just sufficient to indicate that its inhabitants have finished their daily labors, and are now retiring into the bosom of their families for the night. The very crows caw "'tis time to rest." Can it be wondered at that we luxuriate in such a scene as this,—that we yearn for it when absent? But only imagine in place of that beautiful mountain forest, the desolation and pestilential chimnies of Wolverhampton!

Herb.—Ay! even the much vaunted beauty of Llangollen is on the wane; smoke and machinery already begin to exult over its approaching decay; but, heaven be praised, that this valley, which to my taste far outshines all the other had to boast of in its palmy days, is still left us, untainted by such anti-pictorial pollutions. By the way, talking of chimnies reminds me of a most singular circumstance which happened not long since near Preston, or Manchester, I forget which. It was the danger two men labored under of slow starvation—imagine a thing so horrible—in the presence of half their neighbors, and within call of them. The individuals in question were building one of those enormous shafts or chimnies,—pestilences, as you yclyp them, and it had reached to about 80 or 90 yards high. You know, I suppose, that they are built without the aid of scaffolding, properly so called, inside or out; the men and materials being drawn up from below, within, by a rope passing over a pulley-wheel, fixed on a stage which is raised on the top of the work as it progresses, it being ever at the summit. Well—early one day, before dinner time, these men being at the top, in pulling up some heavy material, the rope broke close to the pulley and both ends came to the earth. Little was thought of it till they required to descend for their meal. Then it was recollected they had no spare rope above! and the question was how they could descend. How could another rope be got up? It was impossible, and the full horror of their situation then suddenly burst upon them. There, at the top of this immense shaft, they sat "glooming" in despondency. The day wore on—news of their position soon spread, and hundreds of neighbors assembled to mourn their situation, but no relief came. All schemes were resorted to that ingenuity could suggest. Ladders were procured and bound together;—but they were much too short. It was then proposed to erect several inside,—longer outside would have been madness,—but the entrance of the shaft was too low to raise one. A paper kite was flown; that after many attempts failed, and evening came, but with no success. One proposed this—another that—yet nothing could succeed. Night at last closed in, and in the same situation the poor wretches still remained, chilled by the keen air and at times half stupified, yet again at others half maddened with hunger, and the prospect of a lengthened death, without hope for the morrow. Beneath them, running to and fro, were their wives and children wailing in the agonies of wretchedness. One by one the neighbors dwindled to their homes; but their wives watched and slept not. The rain came down, and with it came the morning,—without hope; though the neighbors, strong, active and willing to afford assistance, came in hundreds. Mid-day was at hand, and with it out burst the glorious sun—what hearts—what minds are there which are not illumined by its first bursts through the clouds? At last, as though shot down from heaven on its beams, a ray of hope lightened up the face of one of the women, who were already commiserated with as widows. A thought had crossed her mind—a council was held—the crowd caught the idea—and one simultaneous, universal burst of joy below, wakened the poor wretches from their stupified despair,—into renewed energy—execution followed design. Their lives literally depended upon a thread—God was merciful,—and they were restored to their homes unhurt! And how was this happy release consummated, do you think? Talk no more of men catching at straws—women will, according to their province, catch at a thread. The happy wife who ministered their relief, remembered that her husband wore a new pair of worsted stockings, she in her industry, blessed industry,—had recently knitted for him. These she suggested he should unravel—the slender thread was carefully lowered—a stouter string being attached to it, was drawn up, and by that a stouter and stouter, till at last a proper rope—and then down the sufferers came. Thus ended this curious mischance; a danger as lightly thought of at first, as painfully as time wore on, and as sinularly and simply relieved, as perhaps ever was.

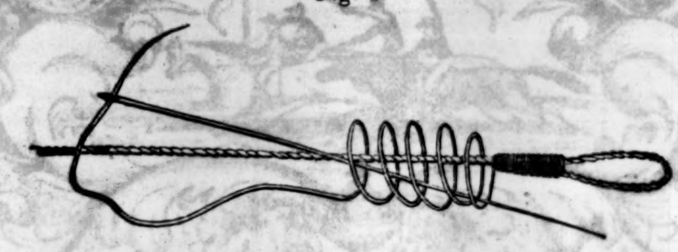
Theoph.—Most truly horrible—most miraculous rescue;—not unlike by the way, to the situation of old Edie Ochiltree and his party, when the sea raged at their feet demanding them as its prey. I remember once or twice being for a short—thank goodness, for a very short time, in similar predicaments myself. Once while fishing among the rocks on this river, I went on and on, hanging to their points over the deep holes of the pent up stream below me, till I could advance no further. In returning I took the wrong track, and found myself close to the water's edge, without the power of reaching to another footing. Heavy salmon-rod in hand, I distinctly felt the slight projection on which my life depended, (for I am no swimmer,) crumbling beneath me. In the shadow of an instant I shifted my rod to my other hand, and balancing myself at the moment without thought, but of escape, luckily got into a safer position, from which, however, I could not ultimately retreat until after ten minutes examination I found a hold above which enabled me to clamber straight up an almost perpendicular rock. Another time while fishing round Llyn Elsi, near Bettws-y-coed, I got on the rocky side and was quietly casting "the furtive fly," when I was almost startled into the deep, by the falling of some weighty body from the direction I had just passed over, and which sent its booming echoes from side to side, and from hill to hill, as it fell roaring into the lake. I continued fishing, and having nearly filled my pannier, proceeded to "re-prick" my way; and then to my horror and amazement found that the "peace of the solitude" had been disturbed by the separation of a part of the rock which had previously afforded me a pathway. There was, in its stead, a chasm too wide for an ordinary leap—to get up higher was impossible, and there I stood with a territory of one hundred feet long and one foot wide, to subsist on as long as life might last. Not satisfied with quite so limited a prison, and taking a "dhrap of whiskey," I carried in my flask, I first flung over my fish; they fell safe, resting among the gorse bushes. I next hurled my rod, that fell all right; but I paused to follow—the leap was tremendous for my old bones, but the rod began to glide gently down till caught by the reel among the wild-heath at the water's edge; there for a moment it staid quivering, then it slipped and slipped still further. Heaven knows how it was—whether like a true fisherman, I could not be separated from it, and was unwilling to die without my weapon; or whether the danger the rod was in, for I much loved it, more strongly prompted me to rush to its rescue, I know not; but that which in less hurried, or calmer moments I should not have attempted, I crossed with one spring, fortunately saving *myself* by catching at a tree, and *my rod* by catching its very point in the nick of time. So much for these horrors, and may they caution us against all fool-hardy rashness, and induce us to reach *this our quiet lodging* in safety every night. We will now fetch in our tackle off yon garden seat, and then let me command your piscatory attention again.

Theoph.—I observe the loop on your reel line is too long, so cut it off, and let us make another. If it is sufficient to squeeze the fly through, head foremost, 'tis all you want; and why have the line doubled, which at the loop it is, for a greater length than absolutely necessary? An opening of five-eighths of an inch is quite enough for a salmon-line, and less for trout fishing. Also bear this in mind when making gut-lines, or looping the gut of flies; which last, if large enough to admit the former through, requires no more. Loops are in general made ridiculously too long. Now to make the loop, observe, having bent the line into the length of loop you wish it, over the looping hook, I hold the line thus doubled, between the fore-finger and thumb of my left hand, having twisted the loose part of it round my little finger of the same, in order to have a more firm hold. I now, together with the line, hold one end of the waxed silk so that the loose end lies towards the looping-hook, and wind three or four wide turns tightly over the doubled part of the line, proceeding from my fingers towards the hook, as far as that which I design to be the opening of the loop; then whip the silk back again over that part of itself already laid down, and the doubled part of the line, binding it close and tight at each turn till I have hidden and covered the whole of the doubled line, excepting, of course, the open loop itself. Hand me that long darning needle, that I may finish off with the invisible knot

Herb.—The what? How is that? Let me see you do it.

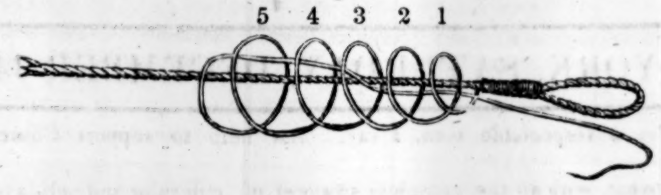
Theoph.—I am now working from the looping-wire towards my fingers, you see; and having whipped below the loose end of the line, I put the needle with its eye towards my fingers alongside it. I then whip the silk downwards towards my hand, over needle and line together, loosely for four or five turns. Now I put the loose end of the silk through the eye of the needle, (Fig. 1) and

Fig. 1.



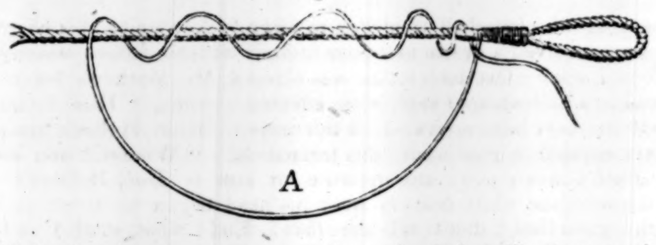
draw the needle and silk through the turns, point foremost. Now taking away the needle, and laying the loose end of the silk close to the whipping already completed,

Fig 2.



pointing towards the looping-hook, I draw the loose turn of the silk furthest from my left hand and nearest to the looping wire, tight; then the second; then the third, and so forth to the last, laying each down close to the whipping completed and to each other. I then gradually draw tight the end of the silk which is lapped under the turns, holding it the while near my breath to soften the wax, thereby avoiding its sticking and breaking midway under the folds, till all lies close. I cut off the end of the silk; rub the whipping over with my fingers, first dry and then wet to give a smoothness; apply a coat of varnish, and all is complete. *Ecce!* But another most excellent and more handy plan of making this invisible knot is this: all but the finishing off or the knot itself being accomplished, you give the silk another turn in the same direction very loosely over the line, a long way from the close whipping, and then, *within this loose turn*, wind the end of the silk over the lines four or five times in the same direction, working up towards the loop, and lay its end down by the close part of the whipping, thus:—

Fig. 3.



then wind the first loose turn, A, over the end of the silk close to the whipping already accomplished, carrying it round and round, till all the inner windings are unwound; and pull tight the loose end of the silk as in the needle plan to finish with. I caution you against a bad trick, too common, that is, *breaking* off the loose silk after completing the knot; by so doing you are as likely to break it under the *last* fold made as the first, and so render the whole trouble abortive. In preference take the trouble of *cutting* it close off with scissors.

Herb.—You have whipped down only about three eighths of an inch of the line to form the security of the loop; is that enough for strength?

Theoph.—Certainly; the knot or joint which the two loops of your reel and gut-line when put together make, (see *post*, fig 9), is of itself a knot, properly so called, and strong without whipping, there being only the slightest possible pull on the ends, nothing is required but to keep them straight. Before I show you how to make foot or casting lines, let me give you a few hints about them—hints which an older hand would laugh at, but to you, who know nothing yet about fishing, and whom I desire to accomplish from beginning to end as far as I can, they must be of service. An admiral should be as accomplished in splicing a rope, as a common seaman, and should know how to do it with his own august hands.

Herb.—Be assured *I'll* not complain at *any* information you vouchsafe me; and first tell me what is the use of these foot lines?

Theoph.—Everything. First, the finer your tackle near to the fly, the less visible is it to the fish.

Herb.—I ask but for information; then, why not have the reel-line equally thin?

Theoph.—Because if that be less than of a certain thickness, according to the strength and power of the rod, it would be impossible to throw it well; and, secondly, it is absolutely necessary that the whole should taper, to a certain degree, for the like purpose, as in a coach whip. It is not mere strength that requires a *reel line* the usual substance; because in reality a good single salmon gut line will bear about three-fifths as great a weight, which is much more than requisite. I estimate that a stout reel line will bear about twenty-five pounds, and a stout piece of salmon gut about fifteen pounds. *I say a great deal more than is requisite*—now let me surprise you; what weight do you think will a salmon of eighteen or twenty pounds pull in the water at the end of a line?

Herb.—Let me see, there's his weight, eighteen pounds, and the force of his muscular powers, which I suppose is very great, we will put at about:—

Theoph.—Stop, stop, don't make him out a whale! Remember his weight is almost as nothing in the water; a hair would raise that. Now, you'll hardly credit that he pulls less than one pound and a half; except in his rushes, which I have no means of estimating.

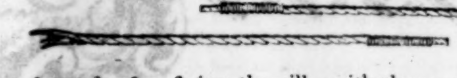
Herb.—You astonish me.

Theoph.—I astonished myself, I assure you, never more in my life; yet such is the fact. One of course knows pretty well the force he applies to the rod in holding against a fish. Once, after killing such a one as I have mentioned, I tried that force by the "sportsman's weighing machine," and the result was as I mention. Reflection upon it has taught me a great deal, and let it also assist you in like manner. It shows we owe much to the elasticity of the rod, aided by the temperate yielding to all the fish's movements, which, if properly applied, prevents a *dead* pull; and it should satisfy us that we may safely use much finer tackle than is the custom, and methinks it justifies me in pronouncing that which is said in "Salmonia" about triple gut, to be questionable instruction;* *en passant*, let me give you a hint, that, in general, it is not what weight the line will bear, but what the hold which the hook has in the fish's mouth, will retain. You remember the old "Joe Miller:"—a party of Irishmen crossing a bridge, one of their hats was blown into the river; so they converted themselves into a chain, hanging by each other's legs, down to the water's edge: "Faith," cries he that was uppermost, holding on to the bridge, "hold tight below, while I wet my hands!" They did, and all went to the bottom. So, if the hold in the mouth of a fish will not bear two or three pounds, there's no use in having tackle above calculated for fifteen or twenty pounds weight.

Herb.—No one will dispute that.

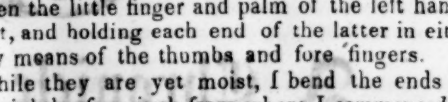
Theoph.—Rather say, few have ever thought about it: but to return to gut lines,—if it were not for the purpose of casting for a foot line, single gut would be always strong enough; triple or twisted, in very thick water and very rocky situations, may be excusable, but not elsewhere. For all ordinary occasions, therefore, use as much single gut as you can throw well, and as little triple. Fine throwing very much depends on the exact adaptation of the *foot* line to that on the *reel*, the manner of tapering it, and its length. In this last respect it should never exceed three feet short of your rod, exclusive of the gut to which your fly is tied, because the junction of it with the reel line will not easily pass the rings of the rod, you may not be able to wind up sufficient to reach your fish for the purpose of gaffing or landing him when unattended. The term "tapering," must sufficiently explain my meaning, for it is impossible to lay down more than a general rule, namely, that it must graduate from the thickness and weight of the reel line to as fine a point as is consistent with strength. For your eighteen foot rod you will find about eleven or twelve lengths of twisted gut, and three of single, sufficient; and, if you can, for any of the thinner triple pieces, substitute single ones as thick, so much the better. In all it will be about fifteen feet. Trout casting lines need be of none but single gut, and much finer, and in length should bear a similar proportion to the rod. As to making up casting lines, the mode of joining the lengths of gut together is of the utmost importance. Gut is generally brittle, unless well soaked, and the knots usually made by fishermen are very much to be condemned: nineteen out of twenty fish that escape by breaking tackle owe their lives to these knots, not by their slipping, but by their *cutting* the gut. It is the joins and ferrules in rods, and knots in lines, which perplex us. Being fond of neatness, I very much rely on the security of my whippings over for strength of my joints, endeavoring to avoid abrupt angles in the bends or knots which I make in gut: but in joining them I draw a distinction between single and twisted gut, and thereby, in the former, avoid the bulk of any ordinary knot, by a plan of my own. My plan, perhaps, may be tedious: but remember the motto, "Finis coronat opus," as Brunel says in the Thames tunnel. Well, having soaked the gut for half an hour in warm water, or much longer in cold, with very fine silk I first whip over separately each end of the lengths of twisted gut, *beginning* about three eigths of an inch, and *finishing* about one-sixteenth from the end, thus:—

Fig. 4.



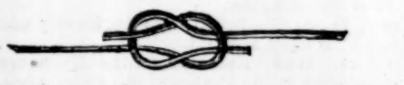
which is performed, after fixing the silk, with three or four turns, by holding its end between the little finger and palm of the left hand at right angles with the twisted gut, and holding each end of the latter in either hand, and "twirling" it round by means of the thumbs and fore fingers. Having done so with two lengths, while they are yet moist, I bend the ends I wish to join right back, about one eighth of an inch from where I *commenced* the whipping, so that the eighth nearest the end, when thus bent back, lies against the bare gut above the whipping, thus:—

Fig. 5.



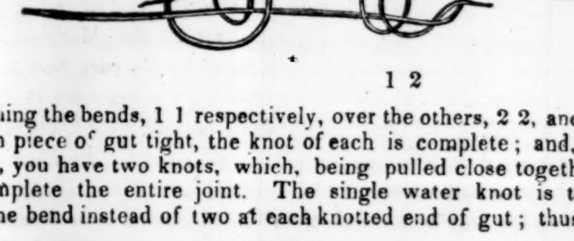
then merely hook the two lengths together, and inserting a stoutish bit of gut, about three eighths of an inch long, to keep the joint stiff, whip down the whole tightly and closely with stronger silk. Here then is no knot, nothing but a bend; which, from being first whipped over with the fine silk, does not close in a sufficiently sharp angle to cause the gut to crack, while the whipping above prevents the short ends from shipping, when the joint is complete and once dry after the previous soaking. As to single gut, I adopt a different plan again, because, being less in substance, the simple bend just described is more likely to crack it. In all my experience I don't remember a break at the junction of the loops of the foot line and gut to which the fly is attached; and why? because the bend of the one is round the doubled gut of the other, and an acute angle is avoided; therefore, for single gut, I adopt precisely that knot, except that the junction of the two loops is altogether permanently whipped over. This is the knot previous to being drawn tight:—

Fig. 6.



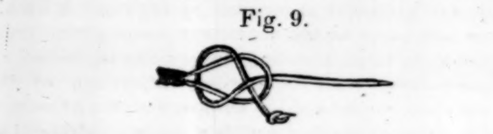
and let me recommend it before all others for joining the gut to the loop which is usually made at the *head of salmon flies*. I mentioned to you other knots in general use; on an emergency, when whipping cannot be conveniently performed, they may be resorted to; but as "the longer way round is often the shorter way home," in the *long run*, whether of experince or of salmon, you'll find those I have before described the least troublesome and most secure; for, soak gut as much as you will, these knots I am about to mention will break twice out of thrice in the mere trial with the hands, before you can get one to stand; and, as you must again soak the gut after such a mishap, it will take a long time to complete a line, independent of the waste of material it entails. However, to make the best of these knots, as soon as they are formed, and before drawing them tight, resoak the gut, and failures will be less frequent; nor should you draw the knots very tight together, and if you whip over the whole *at all*, do so between them, while in the loose state, three or four turns of the silk. There are double and single water knots; the former not absolutely requiring whipping: but I by no means recommend the latter for any purpose whatever, and merely mention it that you may not be ignorant of its structure. Taking the two pieces of gut, or other material required to be joined, the *double water knot* is thus made:—

Fig. 7.



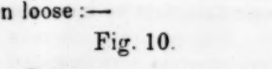
Now pushing the bends, 1 1 respectively, over the others, 2 2, and pulling by the ends each piece of gut tight, the knot of each is complete; and, traversing on the other, you have two knots, which, being pulled close together by the long ends, complete the entire joint. The single water knot is the same, only making one bend instead of two at each knotted end of gut; thus:—

Fig. 8.



Another knot is sometimes used for attaching gut to the loop on a salmon fly head; and occasionally for joining the gut of the fly to the loop of the casting line, or for attaching the casting line itself to the reel line loose: it is thus:—

Fig. 9.



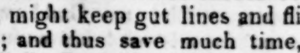
as a homely poet said—

"Once on a time,—
I'd sing could I rhyme,
How I hooked a fine fish,—twenty pounder;
Alack, for strength I relied
On a knot I thus tied;
And I lost fish and fly, with one flounder!"

Therefore I never recommend its use for joints of *any* kind, except "small fry" be the only prey sought for. A tied loop, even, being better.

The last knot I have to mention is the better substitute for, and not unlike the knot Fig. 6. That knot being effected on the fly-head loop, the short end of the gut, instead of being whipped down, is tied in a plain knot round the long end of the gut; thus, when loose:—

Fig. 10.



It is, where whipping cannot be performed, the best for looped fly heads—but once for all, remember, that my knot Fig. 6, is of all others the neatest and safest.

As to flies, for my own use, I have enough to answer my purpose for to morrow, and plenty to supply your wants, so I shall not trouble your cranium about them at present. But don't flatter yourself I will trust you with any I consider worth the value of a "dump," at your first throw. No, no! flick! away goes the fly;—try another;—flick!—that gone too; another! another!! and another!!! This every beginner must expect, and even proficients are liable to it occasionally. I shall therefore provide you suitably, and when you can throw without throwing away also, you may expect to catch fish.

Herb.—Why is it that flies are thus easily lost? I have often heard mention of it.

Theoph.—You do well to enquire, and perhaps, knowing it, will the sooner learn to prevent the mischief. Gut when dry is always more or less brittle, and my belief is, that if that to which the fly is attached were well soaked (especially close to the fly's head), say for two hours in cold water, or held in the mouth for ten or fifteen minutes before it is thrown, even the veriest tyro would not be so liable to this common accident. What I always do, before arriving at the water-side, is to hold in my mouth five or six of the different flies I think most likely to suit,—I am speaking of trout flies—changing them till I find one which proves "the thing." By this simple "protective," I might almost say I *never* whip off a fly, whatever difficulties adverse winds may impose upon my throwing. I have often thought it would be well, for this purpose, to have a kind of tin pocket-book, the sides of which should be covered with thick flannel; which being wetted, might keep gut lines and flies sufficiently moistened for use while in the fields; and thus save much time, as well as fractures. I question if the loss of flies in the beginning of his career is not a *cheap* advantage to the pupil, as inducing greater care in the management of tackle; and since that unhappy knack goes more or less hand in hand with clumsy throwing, when he learns to avoid the one, he will perceive an improvement in the other. To understand the reason why a fly is thus snapped off, you must be informed of the summary of the art of throwing; and pray understand that it is the merest outline of what I have to teach you about it. It is this—in preparing to throw forward, you first jerk the line behind, and then cast it forward again. Now, in the throw backwards, unless the point of your rod describes the half of the figure of an elongated ellipsis, or, which is better for a beginner, nearly a semicircle round the head, or unless time is allowed for the fly end to reach behind you to its furthest stretch, when you make the effort to throw the line forward—which you effect by giving a sudden spring to the rod,—it becomes doubled up behind in too acute a bend, from the sudden resistance the stiff hook affords, and the brittle nature of the gut, away the fly goes, having, as you will learn hereafter, acquired a motion, or force, contrary to the course you give to the line at the moment of its being broken off. In the "Angler's Souvenir" is an amusing specimen of a conceited beginner—a "would-be" self-taught, making his first essay, and in order to avoid breakages of this kind, he is pictured laying his line straight out on the ground in the contrary direction to that he wished to make his cast, and then with one straight-forward over-head throw of the rod, he brings the fly to the point desired (!), and, as is there described, a capital plan this is, if you wish to take fish by first "knocking them on the head."

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* Salmonia, p. 107, "But I see there is a large fish which has just risen at the tail of the pool." "My fly and tackle are almost too fine for so large a fish, and I will put on me first fly" (i. e. the dropper), "with a *very strong* single gut link and a stretcher of *tripl gut*!" "a powerful fish; he must be between ten and fifteen pounds!" (p. 109.) "I dar say his weight is not less than fourteen pounds"

It will help your notion as to whipping off flies to understand the force they acquire in the operation of throwing. It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to break a *rod*, if a fish happen to rise and be hooked while the impetus necessary to raise the fly off the water and cast it behind is in the act of being given, and that required to return it *to* the water is as great. The force a fly acquires in passing through the air is surprising. Strange as it may be thought, I have even seen a rod broken by the fly striking it in a certain position, cutting it as though with a knife; and I remember once, while salmon-fishing, and wearing a Mackintosh cap, being struck such a blow on the forehead by the fly (in a bad throw backwards), that I felt it tender for three or four days. My fly was only dressed on about a third size grill hook, and yet it struck me, through the cap, like a small stone. If such then be the force, and, while it is still going backwards having one impetus, you oppose to that another still greater, by giving the spring to send it forward too soon, how can you wonder that so brittle and so thin a thing as gut should snap? I shall, however, tell you more of this hereafter.

Herb.—Very many thanks for driving me into so much reflection; but just wait while I stir the fire and look after a cigar, if you will allow me.

Theoph.—Do so; it will perhaps brighten your intellects, and nourish the thoughts I have instilled into you.

Herb.—Oho! So you too—

"Smoke the light cigar,
Light the light, the light *cigar*."

Theoph.—Seldom, except for a special end; never of a habit. With me its effect for a short time is extreme mental excitement, such as I imagine the opium-eater enjoys, and I rarely indulge in it, or it would ultimately make me more dull and stupid than I am by nature.

Herb.—Hear! hear!

Theoph.—E'en so; but to keep you company I will join in a "whiff" on the present occasion, and in this tea-total neighborhood let me proclaim my abhorrence of all extremes. I love tea, wine, beer, spirits, tobacco, all God's gifts, in moderation—they were sent for our *use;* and I conceive it to be no greater *abuse* to take too much of any than totally to cast any one aside as useless, and thus despise the Mercy which provided them for us.—(*Exeunt for a while* IN A *cloud.*)

London (New) Sporting Mag.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

THE CITY WAGS AND THE LEG OF MUTTON.

At the Mansion House, on Tuesday, a butcher named Young was summoned by a person named M'Carthy for having sold a leg of mutton which, upon being boiled, proved to be very far gone. The complainant said that between nine and ten o'clock on Saturday night he purchased a leg of mutton of the defendant at sixpence halfpenny per pound. Witness had asked a lady to dine with him on the Sunday, but when the mutton was taken out of the pot in which it had been boiled, the room in which it was cooked could no longer be endured. Of course, to eat mutton in a state of decomposition was quite out of the question.

Sir Peter Laurie—It was extraordinary that you did not find out that it was not fit to be eaten before you boiled it!

Complainant—They have a way of rubbing the fat of fresh killed sheep over decayed joints of mutton and lamb, and it is quite impossible to judge from the appearance whether what you buy is sweet or not.

Sir Peter Laurie—I should think that the nose is rather an important organ on such an occasion [a laugh].

The complainant proceeded as if he thought that the nose had very little to do with a joint until the meat was boiled. The public, upon whose account especially he came forward, were, he said, in the habit of being greatly imposed upon by this system of rubbing the new grease into the stale article, and he was determined to expose it. He called on Monday upon the butcher and expostulated with him, but no attention was paid to the complaint. Sir Peter Laurie asked the butcher's man, who attended to abide by the decision of the magistrate, whether he was aware that tricks of the kind described by the complainant were played by the butchers? The butcher's man said that it was no trick. It was merely a practice to make meat saleable [a laugh.] It was usual to rub lamb with grease, but not to rub mutton. The thing was done when the lambs were killed.

Sir Peter Laurie—And you double rub them, I suppose, when they begin to be rather high? [a laugh].

The butcher's man—No, we never rub decayed meat at all. If he had brought the leg of mutton back on Monday morning before he cooked it, I would have changed it, but when I sold it to him it was as sweet as a nut.

Complainant—I assure you, my Lord, when we took it out of the pot we could not stand the room. I understand the tricks played by the butchers; if I had brought it to him on the Sunday morning he would not have listened to my complaint, on the ground that it would be a violation of the Sabbath [a laugh].

The butcher's man declared that he always changed the joints which were brought back to him on the Sunday morning [laughter].

Sir Peter Laurie—The complainant has you there; for it seems you are accustomed to sell meat which requires to be well greased [great laughter].

The butcher's man—In such weather as this every one knows we cannot answer for the keeping of meat. It goes off in a night.

Sir Peter Laurie—I have every reason to believe that such is the case.

Complainant—But, my lord, this meat was in a very bad state.

Sir Peter Laurie—Well, I think the fairest way of deciding is to divide the expense between you. Let the butcher pay back half of the money he received; and Mr. M'Carthy will be so good as to smell his meat in future before he buys it.

The butcher's man—Very well, my lord; it shall be as you desire.

Mr. Hobler—And Mr. M'Carthy

Complainant—Yes, sir.

Mr. Hobler—When next you go to market his worship hopes you will be sure to take your nose with you [a laugh].

"Like master like man." These two wags will be the death of us, only think of his worship hoping the man would take his nose with him, "who *nose* but his worship is sometimes in such a state as to forget that he has a nose on his face."

Bell's Life in London.

"A little more strength in your tea, and not quite so much in your butter," as the lady-boarder said to her landlady.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

CLOSET COURT had never looked so odious to Titmouse as it did when, harassed and depressed as I have described him, he approached it about one o'clock, A.M. He flung himself on his bed for a moment directly he had shut his door, intending presently to rise and undress; but sleep having having got him prostrate, secured her victory. She waved her black wand over him, and he woke not till eight o'clock in the morning. A second long-drawn sigh was preparing to follow its predecessor, when he heard it strike eight, and sprung off the bed in a fright; for he ought to have been at the shop an hour ago.—Dashing a little water into his face, and scarce staying to wipe it off, he ran down stairs, through the court, and along the street, never stopping till he had found his way into—almost the very arms of the dreaded Tag-rag; who, rarely making his appearance till about half-past nine, had, as the deuce would have it, happened to come down an hour and a half earlier than usual, on the only morning out of several hundreds on which Titmouse had been more than ten minutes beyond his time.

"Yours ve-ry respectfully, Mr. Titmouse—Thomas Tag-rag!" exclaimed that personage with mock solemnity, bowing formally to his astounded and breathless shopman.

"I—I—beg your pardon, sir; but I wasn't very well, and overslept myself," stammered Titmouse,

"Ne-ver mind, Mr. Titmouse, ne-ver mind—it don't much signify," interrupted Tag-rag, bitterly; "you've just got an hour and a half to take this piece of silk, with my compliments, to Messrs. Shuttle and Weaver, in Dirt Street, Spitalfields, and ask them if they ar'n't ashamed to send it to a West-End house like mine, and bring back a better piece instead of it!"

"Very well, sir—but—before my breakfast, sir?"

"Did I say a word about breakfast, sir? You heard my orders; you can attend to them or not, Mr. Titmouse, as you please!"

Off trotted Titmouse *instanter*, without his breakfast; and so Tag-rag gained one object he had in view. Titmouse found this rather trying: a five-mile walk before him, with no inconsiderable load under his arm, having had nothing to eat since the preceding evening, when he had partaken of a delicate repast of thick slices of bread, smeared slightly over with salt butter, and moistened with a most astringent concoction of tea-leaves, sweetened with brown sugar and discolored with sky-blue milk. He had not even a farthing about him wherewith to buy a penny roll! As he went disconsolately along, so many doubts and fears buzzed impetuosly about him, that they completely darkened his little soul, and bewildered his small understanding. *Ten Thousand a-Year!*—it was never meant for the like of him. He soon worked himself into a conviction that the whole thing was infinitely too good to be true; the affair was desperate; it had been all moonshine; for some cunning purpose or another, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, had been—ah, here he was within a few yards of their residence, the scene of last night's tragic transactions! As he passed Saffron Hill, he paused, looked up towards the blessed abode—

"Where centred all his hopes and fears,"

uttered a profound sigh and passed slowly on towards Smithfield. The words "*Quirk, Gammon, and Snap,*" seemed to be written over every shop-window which he passed—their images filled his mind's eye. What could they be at? They had been all very polite and friendly—and of their own seeking: had he affronted them? How coldly and proudly they had parted with him over-night! It was evident that they could stand no nonsense—they were great lawyers; so he must (if they really would allow him to see them again) eat humble pie cheerfully till he had got all that they had to give him. How he dreaded the coming! Perhaps they intended civilly to tell him that they would have nothing more to do with him; they would get the estate for themselves, or some one else that would be more manageable! They had taken care to tell him nothing at all about the nature of his pretensions to this grand fortune. Oh, how crafty they were—they had it all their own way! But what, after all, had he really done? The estates were his, if they were really in earnest—his, and no one's else; and why should he be kept out of them at their will and pleasure? Suppose he were to say he would give them all he was entitled to for £20,000 down, in cash? Oh no; on second thoughts, that would only be two years' income! But on the other hand—he dared hardly even propose it to his thoughts—still, suppose it *should* really all turn out true! Goodness gracious!—that day two months he might be riding about in his carriage in the Park, and poor devils looking on at him, as he looked on all those who now rode. There he would be, holding up his head with the best of them, instead of slaving about as he was at that moment, carrying about that cursed bundle—ough! how he shrunk as he changed its position, to relieve his aching right arm! Why was his mouth to be stopped—why might he not tell his shopmates? What would he not give for the luxury of telling it to the odious Tag-rag? If he *were* to do so, Mr. Tag-rag, he was sure, would ask him to dinner the very next Sunday, at his country house at Clapham.—Thoughts such as these so occupied his mind, that he did not for a long time observe that he was walking at a rapid rate towards the Mile-end road, having left Whitechapel church nearly half a mile behind him! The possible master of £10,000 a-year fit to drop with fatigue, and sudden apprehension of the storm he should have to encounter when he first saw Mr. Tag-rag after so long an absence. He was detained for a cruel length of time at Messrs Shuttle and Weaver's, who not having the required quantity of silk at that moment on their premises, had some difficulty in obtaining it, after having sent for it to one or two neighboring manufactories; by which means it came to pass that it was two o'clock before Titmouse, completely exhausted and dispirited, and reeking with perspiration, had reached Dowlas and Company's. The gentlemen of the shop had finished their dinners.

"Go up stairs and get your dinner, sir!" exclaimed Tag-rag imperiously, after having received Messrs. Snuttle and Weaver's message.

Titmouse went up stairs hungry enough, and found himself the sole occupant of the long close-smelling room in which his companions had been dining. His dinner was presently brought to him by a slatternly servant-girl. It was in an uncovered basin, which appeared to contain nothing but the leavings of his companions—a savoury intermixture of cold potatoes, broken meat, (chiefly bits of fat and gristle,) a little hot water having been thrown over it to make it appear warm and fresh—(faugh!) His plate (with a small pinch of salt upon it) had not been cleaned after its recent use, but evidently only hastily smeared over with a greasy towel, as also seemed his knife and fork, which, in their disgusting state, he was fain to put up with, the table-cloth on which he might have wiped them having been removed. A hunch of bread that seemed to have been tossing about in the pan for days, and half-a-pint of flat-looking and sour-smelling table-beer, completed the fare set before him; opposite which he sate for some minutes, too much occupied by his reflections to commence his repast. He was in the act of scooping out of the basin some of its inviting contents, when—"Titmouse!" exclaimed the voice of one of his shopmates, peering in at him through the half-opened door, "Mr. Tag-rag wan's you! He says you've had plenty of time to finish your dinner!"

"Oh, tell him, then, I'm only just beginning my dinner—ough! such as it is," replied Titmouse, masticating the first mouthful with an appearance of no *particular* relish,—for to the like of it he had never before sate down since he had been in the honored house he was then serving.

In a few minutes' time Mr. Tag-rag himself entered the room, stuttering—"How much longer, sir, is it your pleasure to spend over your dinner, eh?"

"Not another moment, sir," answered Titmouse, looking with ill-concealed disgust at the savoury victuals before him; "if you'll only allow me a few minutes to go home and buy a penny roll instead of all this"——

"Ve—ry good, sir! Ve—ry parti—cu—larly good, Mr. Titmouse," replied Tag-rag, with ill-subdued fury; "any thing else that I can make a *leetle* memorandum of against the day of your leaving us?"

This hint of twofold terror, *i. e.* of withholding the wretched balance of salary that might be due to him, on the ground of misconduct, and of also giving him a damning character, dispelled the small remains of Titmouse's appetite, and he rose to return to the shop, involuntarily clutching his fist as he brushed close past the tyrant Tag-rag on the stairs, whom he would have been delighted to pitch down head-foremost; and if he had done so, none of his fellow-slaves below, in spite of their present sycophancy towards Tag rag, would have shown any particular alacrity in picking up their common oppressor. Poor Tittlebat resumed his old situation behind the counter; but how different his present from his former air and manner! With his pen occasionally peeping pertly out of his bushy hair over his right ear, and his yard measure in his hand, no one, till Monday morning, had been more cheerful, smirking, and nimble than Tittlebat Titmouse. Alas, how crestfallen now! None of his companions could make him out, or guess what was in the wind; so they very justly concluded that he had been doing something dreadfully disgraceful, the extent of which was known to Tag-rag and himself alone. Their jeers and banter were giving place to cold distrustful looks, that were much more trying to bear. How he longed to be able to burst upon their astounded minds with the pent-up intelligence that was silently racking and splitting his little bosom! But if he did—the terrible firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—Oh! the very thought of them glued his lips together. But then there was *one* whom he might surely make a confidant—the excellent Huckaback, with whom he had no opportunity of communicating since Sunday night. That gentleman was as close a prisoner at the establishment of Diaper and Sarsenet, in Tottenham-court Road, as Titmouse at Messrs. Dowlas's, of which said establishment he was as great an ornament as Titmouse of that of Messrs. Dowlas. They were about the same height, and equals in puppyism of manners, dress and appearance; but Titmouse was much the better-looking. With equal conceit in their faces, that of Huckaback, square, and flat, and sallow, had an expression of ineffable impudence, that made a lady shudder, and a gentleman feel a tingling sensation in his right toe. About his small black eyes there was a glimmer of low cunning;—but I have not patience to paint the fellow any farther. When Titmouse left the shop that night, a little after nine, he hurried to his lodgings, to make himself as imposing in his appearance before Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, as his time and means would admit of. Behold, on the table lay a letter from Huckaback. It was written in a flourishing mercantile hand; and here is a copy of it:—

"Dear Tit,

"I hope you are well, which is what I can only middling say in respect of me. Such a row with my governors as I have had to-day! I thought that, as I had been in the House near upon Eighteen Months at £25 per annum, I might naturally ask for £30 a-year (which is what my predecessor had,) when, would you believe it, Mr. Sharpeye (who is going to be taken in as a Partner), to whom I named the thing, ris up in a rage against me, and I were had up into the counting-house, where both the governors was, and they gave it me in such a way that you never saw nor heard of; but it wasn't all on their side, as you know me too well to think of. You would have thought I had been a-going to rob the house. They said I was most oudacious, and all that, and ungrateful, and what would I have next? Mr. Diaper said times was come to such a pitch!! since he was first in the business, for salaries is risen to double, and not half the work done that was, and no gratitude—(cursed old curmudgeon!) He said if I left them just now, I might whistle for a character, except what I would not like; but if he don't mind I'll give him a trick of law about that—which brings me to what happened to-day with our lawyers, the people at Saffron Hill, whom I thought I would call in on to-day, being near the neighborhood with some light goods, to see how affairs were getting on, and stir them up a bit"——

This almost took Titmouse's breath away——

—"feeling most *interested* on your account, as you know, dear Tit, I do I said I wanted to speak to one of the gentlemen on business of wital importance; whereat I was quickly shown into a room where two gents was sitting. Having put down my parcel for a minute on the table. I said I was a very intimate friend of yours, and had called in to see how things went on about the advertisment; whereat you never saw in your life how struck they looked, and stared at one another in speechless silence, till they said to me, what concerned me about the business! or something of that nature, but in such a way that ris a rage in me directly, all for your sake (for I did not like the looks of things): and says I, I said, we would let them know we were not to be *gammoned*; whereat up rose the youngest of the two, and ringing the bell, he says to a tight-laced young gentleman, with a pen behind his ear, 'Show him to the door,' which I was at once; but, in doing so, let out a little of my mind to them. They're no better than they should be, you see if they are; but when we Trick the property, we'll show them who is their masters, which consoles me. Good-bye, keep your sperrits up, and I will call and tell you more about it on Sunday. So farewell (I write this at Mr. Sharpeye's desk, who is coming down from dinner directly). Your true friend, R. HUCKABACK.

"P.S.—Met a young Jew last night with a lot of prime cigars, and (knowing he *must* have stole them, they looked so good at the price) I bought one shilling's worth for me, and two shillings' worth for you, your salary being higher, and to say nothing of your chances."

All that part of the foregoing letter which related to its amiable writer's interview with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, Titmouse read in a kind of spasm—he could not draw a breath, and felt a choking sensation coming over him. After a while, "I may spare myself," thought he, "the trouble of rigging out—Huckaback has done my business for me with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—mine will only be a walk in vain!"—After what had occurred last night between him and them!!—and so urgently as he had been enjoined to keep the matter to himself! Of course Huckaback would seem to have been sent by him; seeing he appeared to have assumed the hectoring tone which Titmouse had tried so vainly over-night, and now so bitterly repented of; and he had no doubt grossly insulted the arbiters of Titmouse's destiny, (for he knew Huckaback's impudence,)—he had even said that he (Titmouse) would not be GAMMONED by them. But time was pressing: with a beating heart he scrambled into a change of clothes—bottling up his wrath against the unconscious Huckaback till he should see that worthy. In a miserable state of mind he set off soon after for Saffron Hill at a quick pace, which soon became a trot, and often sharpened into a downright run. He saw, heard, and thought of nothing, as he hurried along Oxford Street and Holborn, but Quirk, Gammon, Snap, and Huckaback, and the reception which the latter had secured for him—if, indeed, he was to be received at all. The magical words, *Ten Thousand a-Year*, had not disappeared from the field of his troubled vision; but how faintly and dimly they shone!—like the Pleiades coldly glistening through intervening mists far off—oh! at what a stupendous, immeasurable, and hopeless distance! Imagine those stars gazed at by the anguished and despairing eyes of the bereaved lover, madly believing one of them to contain HER who has just departed from his arms, and from this world, and you may form a notion of the agonizing feelings—the absorbed contemplation of one dear, dazzling, but distant object, experienced on this occasion by Mr Titmouse. No, no; I don't mean seriously to pretend that so grand a thought as this *could* be entertained by his little optics intellectual; you might as well suppose the tiny eye of a black beetle to be scanning the vague, fanciful, and mysterious figure and proportions of Orion, or a chimpanzee to be perusing and pondering over the immortal *Principia.* I repeat, that I have no desire of the sort, and am determined not again foolishly to attempt fine writing, which I now perceive to be entirely out of my line. In language more befitting me and my subject, I may be allowed to say that there is no getting a quart into a pint pot; that Titmouse's mind was a half-pint—and it was brimful. All the while that I have been going on thus, however, Titmouse was hurrying down Holborn at a rattling rate. When at length he had reached Saffron Hill, he was in a bath of perspiration. His face was quite red; he breathed hard: his heart beat violently; he had got a stitch in his side; and he could not get his gloves on his hot and swollen hands. He stood for a moment with his hat off, wiping his reeking forehead, and endeavoring to recover himself a little, before entering the dreaded presence to which he had been hastening. He even fancied, for a moment, that his eyes gave out sparks of light! While thus pausing, St. Andrew's Church struck ten, half electrifying Titmouse, who bolted up the hill, and was soon standing opposite the door. How the sight of it smote him, as it reminded him of the way in which, on the preceding night, he had bounded out of it! But that could not now be helped; so ring went the bell, as softly, however, as he could; for he recollected that it was a very loud bell, and he did not wish to offend. He waited some time, and nobody answered. He waited for nearly two minutes, and trembled, assailed by a thousand vague fears. He might not, however, have rung loudly enough—so—again, a little louder, did he venture to ring. Again he waited. There seemed something threatening in the great brass plate on the door, out of which "QUIRK, GAMMON, AND SNAP" appeared to look at him ominously. While he thought of it, by the way, there was something very serious and stern in all their faces—he wondered that he had not noticed it before. What a drunken beast he had been to go on in their presence as he had!—thought he; then Huckaback's image flitted across his disturbed fancy—"Ah!" thought he—"that's the thing! That's it, depend upon it; this door will never be opened to *me* again—he's done for me!" He breathed faster, clenched his fist, and involuntarily raised it in a menacing way, when he heard himself addressed—"Oh! dear me, sir, I *hope* I haven't kept you waiting," said the old woman whom he had before seen, fumbling in her pocket for the door-key. She had been evidently out shopping, having a plate in her left hand, over which her apron was thrown. "Hope you've not been ringing long, sir!"

"Oh, dear! no, ma'am," replied Titmouse with anxious civility, and a truly miserable smile—"Afraid I may have kept *them* waiting," he added, almost dreading to hear the answer.

"Oh no, sir, not at all—they've all been gone since a little after nine; but here's a letter I was to give you!" She opened the door; Titmouse nearly dropping. "I'll get it for you, sir—let me see, where did I put it?—Oh, in the clerk's room, I think." Titmouse followed her in. "Dear me—where can it be?" she continued, peering about, and then snuffing the long wick of the candle which she had left burning for the last quarter of an hour, during her absence "I *hope* none of the clerks has put it away in mistake! Well, it isn't here any how."

"Perhaps, ma'am, it's in their *own* room," suggested Titmouse, in a faint tone.

"Oh, pr'aps it is!" she replied. "We'll go and see," and she led the way, followed closely by Titmouse, who caught his breath as he passed the green-baize door. Yes, there was the room—the scene of last night was transacted there, and came crowding over his recollection; there was the green-shaded candlestick—the table covered with papers—an arm-chair near it, in which, probably, Mr. Quirk had been sitting only an hour before to write the letter they were now in quest of, and which might be to forbid him their presence for ever! How dreary and deserted the room looked, thought he, as he peered about it in search of the dreaded letter!

"Oh, here it is!—well, I never!—who could have put it here, now? I'm sure I didn't. Let me see—it was, no doubt," said the old woman, holding the letter in one hand, and putting the other to her head——

"Never mind, ma'am," said Titmouse, stretching his hand towards her,—"now we've got it, it don't much signify." She gave it to him. "Seem particularly anxious for me to get it—did they?" he enquired, with a strong effort to appear unconcerned—the dreaded letter quite quivering in his fingers.

"No, sir—Mr. Quirk only said I was to give it you when you called. B'lieve they sent it to you, but the clerk said he could'nt find your place out; by the way, (excuse me, sir,) but your's *is* a funny name! How I heard 'em laughing at it, to be sure? What makes people give such queer names? Would you like to read it here, sir?—you're welcome."

"No, thank you, madam—it's of not the *least* consequence," he replied, with a desperate air; and tossing it with attempted carelessness into his hat, which he put on his head, he very civilly wished her good-night, and departed—very nearly inclined to sickness, or faintness, or something of the sort, which the fresh air might perhaps dispel. He quickly espied a lamp at a corner, which promised to afford him an uninterrupted opportunity of inspecting his letter. He took it out of his hat. It was addressed simply, "Mr. Titmouse, *Cocking* Court, Oxford Street," (which accounted, perhaps, for the clerk's having been unable to find it;) and having been opened with trembling eagerness, thus it read:—

"Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap present their compliments to Mr. Titmouse, and are anxious to save him the trouble of his intended visit this evening.

"They exceedingly regret that obstacles (which it is to be hoped, however, may not prove *ultimately* insurmountable) exist in the way of their prosecuting their intended inquiries on behalf of Mr. Titmouse.

"Since their last night's interview with him, circumstances which they could not have foreseen, and over which they have no control, have occurred, which render it unnecessary for Mr. T. to give himself any more anxiety in the affair—at least, not until he shall have heard from Messrs. Q. G. and S.

"If anything of importance *should* hereafter transpire, it is not improbable that Mr. T. may hear from them.

"They were favored, this afternoon, with a visit from Mr. T.'s friend—Mr. Hucklebottom."

"Saffron Hill, Wednesday evening, 12th July, 182–."

When poor Titmouse had finished reading over this vague, frigid, and disheartening note a second time, a convulsive sob or two pierced his bosom, indicative of its being indeed swollen with sorrow; and at length, overcome by his feelings, he cried bitterly—not checked even by the occasional exclamations of one or two passers-by. He could not at all control himself. He felt as if he could have almost relieved himself by banging his head against the wall! A tumultuous feeling of mingled grief and despair prevented his thoughts, for a long while, from setting on any one idea or object. At length, when the violence of the storm had somewhat abated, on concluding a third perusal of the death-warrant to all his hopes, which he held in his hand, his eye lit upon the strange word which was intended to describe his friend Huckaback; and it instantly changed both the kind of his feelings, and the direction in which they had been rushing. Grief became rage; and the stream foamed in quite a new direction—namely, towards Huckaback. That fellow he considered to be the sole cause of the direful disaster which had befallen him. He utterly lost sight of one circumstance, that one should have thought might have occurred to his his thoughts at such a time—viz., his own offensive and insolent behavior over-night, to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. But so it was:—yes, upon the devoted (but unconscious) head of Huckaback was to descend the lightning rage of Tittlebat Titmouse. The fire that was thus quickly kindled within soon dried up the source of his tears. He crammed the letter into his pocket, and started off at once in the direction of Leicester Square, breathing rage at every step—*viresque acquirens eundo.* His hands kept convulsively clenching together as he pelted along. Hotter and hotter became his rage as he neared the residence of Huckaback. When he had reached it, he sprung up stairs—knocked at his *quondam* friend's door, and on the instant of its being—doubtless somewhat surprisedly—opened by Huckaback, who was undressing, Titmouse sprung towards him, let fly a goodly number of violent blows upon his face and breast, and down fell Huckaback upon the bed behind him, insensible, and bleeding profusely from his nose.

"There! there!" gasped Titmouse, breathless and exhausted, discharging a volley of oaths and opprobrious epithets at the victim of his fury. "Do it again! You will, won't you! *You'll* go—and meddle again in other people's—you——cu-cu-cursed officious"—But his rage was spent—the paroxysm was over; the silent and bleeding figure of Huckaback was before his eyes, and he gazed at him terror stricken. What had he done! He sunk down on the bed beside Huckaback—then started up, wringing his hands, and staring at him in an ecstasy of remorse and fright. It was rather singular that the noise of such an assault should have aroused no one to enquire into it; but so it was. Frightened almost out of his bewildered senses, he closed and bolted the door, and addressed himself, as well as he was able, to the recovery of Huckaback. Propping him up, and splashing cold water in his face, Titmouse at length discovered symptoms of revival, which he anxiously endeavored to accelerate, by putting to the lips of the slowly-awakening victim of his violence some cold water, in a tea cup. He swallowed a little; and soon afterwards, opening his eyes, stared on Titmouse with a dull eye and bewildered air.

"What's been the matter?" at length he faintly enquired.

"Oh, Hucky! so glad to hear you speak again. It's I—I—Titty! I did it! Strike me, Hucky, as soon as you're well enough! Do—kick me—anything you choose! I won't hinder you!" cried Titmouse, sinking on his knees, and clasping his hands together, as he perceived Huckaback rapidly reviving.

"Why—what *is* the matter?" repeated that gentleman, with a wondering air, raising his hand to his nose, from which the blood was still trickling. The fact is, that he had lost his senses, not so much from the violence of the injuries he had received, as of the suddenness with which they had been inflicted.

"I did it all—yes, I did!" continued Titmouse, gazing on him with a look of agony and remorse.

"Why—I can't be awake—I can't!" said Huckaback, rubbing his eyes, and then staring at his stained shirt-front and hands.

"Oh, yes, you are—you are!" groaned Titmouse; "and I'm going *mad* as fast as I can! Do what you like to me! Lick me if you please! Call in a constable! Send me to gaol! Say I came to rob you—anything—I don't care what becomes of me!"

"Why—what *does* all this jabber mean, Titmouse?" enquired Huckaback, sternly, apparently meditating reprisals.

"Oh, yes, I see! Now you *are* going to give it me! I won't stir. So hit away, Hucky."

"Why—are you mad?" enquired Huckaback, grasping him by the collar rather roughly.

"Yes, quite! Mad!—ruined!—gone to the devil all at once!"

"And what if you are? What did it matter to *me?* What brought you to me here?" continued Huckaback, in a tone of increasing vehemence "What have I done to offend you? How *dare* you come *here?* And at this time of night, too? Eh?"

"What, indeed! Oh lud, oh lud, oh lud! Kick me, I say—strike me! You'll do me good, and bring me to my senses. *Me* to do all this to you! And we've been such precious good friends always. I'm a brute, Hucky—I've been mad, stark mad. Hucky—and that's all I can say."

Huckaback stared at him more and more; and began at length to suspect how matters stood—namely, that the Sunday's incident had turned Titmouse's head—he having also, no doubt, heard some desperate bad news during the day, smashing all his hopes. A mixture of emotions kept him silent. Astonishment—apprehension—doubt—pride—pique—resentment. He had been *struck*—his blood had been drawn—by the man there before him on his knees, formerly his friend, now, he supposed, a madman.

"Why, curse me, Titmouse, if I can make up my mind what to do to you!" he exclaimed. "I—I suppose you are going mad, or gone mad, and I must forgive you. But get away with you—out with you, or—or—I'll call in——"

"Forgive me—forgive me, dear Hucky! Don't send me away—I shall go and drown myself if you do."

"What the d—l do I care if you do? You'd much better have gone and done it before you came here. Nay, be off and do it now, instead of blubbering here in this way."

"Go on! hit away—it's doing me good—the worse the better!" sobbed Titmouse.

"Come, come—none of this noise here I'm tired of it."

"But, pray, don't send me away from you. I shall go straight to the devil if you do. I've no friend but you, Hucky. Yet I've been such a villain to you!—But it quite put the devil into me, when all of a sudden I found it was *you*"

"Me!—Why what *are* you after?" interrupted Huckaback, with an air of angry wonder.

"Oh dear, dear!" groaned Titmouse; "if I've been a brute to you, which is quite true, you've been the ruin of me clean! I'm clean done for, Huck. Cleaned out! You've done my business for me; knocked it all in the head. I sh'n't never hear any more of it—they've said as much in their letter—they say that you've called"——

Huckaback now began to have a glimmering notion of his having been, in some considerable degree, connected with the mischief of the day—an unconscious agent in it. He audibly drew in his breath, as it were, as he more and more distinctly recollected his visit to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and adverted more particularly to his *threats*, uttered, too, in Titmouse's name, and as if by his authority Whew! here was a kettle of fish.

Now strange and unaccountable as, at first thought, it may appear, the very circumstance which one would have thought calculated to assuage his resentment against Titmouse—namely, that he had really *injured* Titmouse most seriously, (if not indeed irreparably,) and so *provoked* the drubbing which had just been administered to him—had quite the contrary effect. Paradoxical as it may s[illegible]matter of clear mitigation was at once converted into matter of aggravation. Were the feelings which Huckaback then experienced akin to that which often produces hatred of a person whom one has injured? May it be thus accounted for? That there is a secret satisfaction in the mere consciousness of being a sufferer—a martyr—and that, too, in the presence of a person whom one perceives to be aware that he has wantonly injured; that one's bruised spirit is soothed by the sight of his remorse—by the consciousness that he is punishing himself infinitely more severely than *we* could punish him; and of the claim one has obtained to the *sympathy* of every body who sees, or may hear of one's sufferings, (that rich and grateful balm to injured feeling.) But when, as in the case of Huckaback, feelings of this description (in a coarse and small way, to be sure, according to his kind) were suddenly encountered by a consciousness of his having *deserved* his sufferings; when the martyr felt himself quickly sinking into the culprit and offender; when, I say, Huckaback felt an involuntary consciousness that the gross indignities which Titmouse had just inflicted on him, had been justified by the provocation—nay, far less than his mischievous and impudent interference had deserved;—and when feelings of this sort, moreover, were sharpened by a certain tingling sense of physical pain from the blows which he had received—the result was, that the sleeping lion of Huckaback's courage was very near awakening.

"*I've half a mind, Titmouse*"—said Huckaback, knitting his brows, and appearing inclined to raise his arm. There was an ominous pause for a moment or two, during which Titmouse's feelings also underwent a slight alteration. His allusion to Huckaback's ruinous insult to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, unconsciously converted his remorse into rage, which it rather perhaps resuscitated. He rose from his knees. "Ah?" said he, in quite an altered tone, "you *may* look fierce! you may!—you'd better strike me, Huckaback—do! Finish the mischief you've begun this day! Hit away—you're quite safe,"—and he secretly prepared himself for the mischief which—did not come.

[I think you will very rarely find an impudent man to be a courageous one;—and Huckaback had certainly considerable pretensions to the *former* character.]

"You *have* ruined me! you have, Huckaback!" continued Titmouse, with increasing vehemence; "and I shall be cutting my throat—nay, "striking his fist on the table, "I will!"

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Huckaback, apprehensively. "No, Titmouse, don't—don't think of it; it will all come right yet, depend on't; you see if it don't!"

"Oh, no! it's all done for—it's all up with me!"

"But what's been done?—let us hear," said Huckaback, as he passed a wet towel to and fro over his ensanguined features. It was by this time clear that the storm which had for some time given out only a few faint fitful flashes or flickerings in the distance, had passed away. Titmouse, with many grievous sighs, took out the letter which had produced the paroxysms we have been describing, and read it aloud. "And only see how they've spelled your name, Huckaback—look!" he added, handing his friend the letter.

"How *particular* vulgar!" exclaimed Huckaback, with a contemptuous air, which, overspreading his features, half-closed as was his left eye, and swollen as was his cheek and nose, would have made him a queer object to one who had leisure to observe such matters. "And so this is all they say of *me*," he continued. "How do you come to know that I've been doing you a mischief? All I did was just to look in, as respectful as possible, to ask how you was, and they very civilly told me you was very well, and we parted"——

"Nay, and that's a lie, Huckaback, and you know it!" interrupted Titmouse.

"It's true, so help me——!" vehemently asseverated Huckaback.

"Why, perhaps you ll deny that you wrote and told me all you said," interrupted Titmouse, indignantly, feeling in his pocket for Huckaback's letter, which that worthy had at the moment quite forgotten having sent, and certainly seemed rather nonplussed on being reminded of.

"Oh—ay, if you mean *that*,—hem!"—he stammered.

"Come, you know you're a liar, Huck—but it's no good now; liar or no liar, it's all over."

"The pot and kettle, anyhow, Tit, as far as that goes—but let's spell over this letter; we haven't studied it yet; I'm a hand, rather, at getting at what's said in a letter!—Come"—and they drew their chairs together, Huckaback reading over the letter, slowly, alone; Titmouse's eyes travelling incessantly from his friend's countenance to the letter, and so back again, to gather what might be the effect of its perusal.

"There's a glimpse of daylight yet, Titty!" said Huckaback, as he concluded reading it.

"Now! Is there really? Do tell me, Hucky"——

"Why, first and foremost, how uncommon polite they are, (except that they haven't manners enough to spell my name right)"——

"Really—and so they are!" exclaimed Titmouse, rather elatedly.

"And then, you see, there's another thing—if they'd meant to give the thing the go-by altogether, what could have been easier than to have said so?—but they haven't said any thing of the sort, so they don't mean to give it all up."

"Lord, Huck! what would I give for such a head as yours! What you say is quite true," said Titmouse, still more cheerfully.

"To be sure, they do say there's an *obstacle*—an obstacle, you see—nay, its obstacles, which is several, and that"——Titmouse's face fell.

"But they say again, that it's—it's—curse their big words—they say it's—to be got over in time."

"Well—that's something, isn't it?"

"To be sure it is; and an't any thing better than nothing? But then, again here's a stone in the other pocket—they say there's a *circumstance!*—Don't you hate circumstances, Titty?—I do."

"So do I!—What does it mean? I've often heard—isn't it a *thing?* And that may be any thing."

"There's a great dif—hem! And they go on to say it's happened since you was there"——

"Curse me, then, if that don't mean *you*, Huckaback!" interrupted Titmouse, with returning anger.

"No, that can't be it; they said they'd no control over the circumstance;—now they *had* over me; for they ordered me to the door, and I went; an't that so, Titty?—Lord, how my eye does smart, to be sure!"

[This was judiciously thrown in at that moment by Huckaback, as a kind of set-off.]

"And don't I smart all over, inside and out, if it come to that?" enquired Titmouse, dolefully.

"There's nothing particular in the rest of the letter—only uncommon civil, and saying if any thing turns up you shall hear."

"*I* could make that out myself—so there's nothing in that—" said Titmouse, quickly.

"Well—if it *is* all over, what a pity! Such things as we could have done, Titty, if we'd got the thing; eh!"

Titmouse groaned at this glimpse of the heaven he seemed shut out of for ever.

"Can't you find any thing—nothing at all, comfortable-like, in the letter?" he enquired, with a deep sigh.

Huckaback again took up the letter and spelt it over. "Well," said he, striving to give himself an appearance of thinking, "there's something in it that, after all, I don't seem quite to get to the bottom of—they've seemingly taken a deal of pains with it."

[And undoubtedly it *was* a document that had been pretty well considered by its framers, before being sent out; though, probably, they had hardly anticipated its being so soon afterwards subjected to the scrutiny of the acute intellects which were now engaged upon it]

"And then, again, you know they're lawyers; and do they ever write any thing that hasn't got more in it than any body can find out? These gents that wrote this, they're a trick too keen for the thieves even—and how can *we*—hem!—but I wonder if that fat, old, bald-headed gent, with sharp eyes, was Mr. Quirk"——

"To be sure it was," interrupted Titmouse, with a half shudder.

"Was it? Well, then, I'd advise Old Nick to look sharp before he tackles *that* old gent, that's all!"

"Give me Mr. Gammon for my money—such an *uncommon* gentlemanlike—he's quite taken to me"——

"Ah, that was he with the black velvet waistcoat and white hands! But *he* can look stern, too, Tit? You should have seen him ring—hem!—But what was I saying about the letter? Don't you see they say they'll be sure to write if any thing turns up?"

"So they do, to be sure! Well—I'd forgot that!" interrupted Titmouse, brightening up.

"Then, isn't there their advertisement in the Flash? They hadn't their eye on any thing when they put it there, I dare say!—They can't get out of that, any how!"

"I begin to feel all of a sweat, Hucky; I'm sure there's something in the wind yet!" said Titmouse, drawing nearer still to his comforter. "And more than that—would they have said half they did to me last night"——

"Eh! hollo, by the way! I've not heard of what went on last night! So you went to 'em? Well—tell us all that happened—and nothing but the truth, be *sure* you don't; come, Titty!" said Huckaback, snuffing the candle, and then turning eagerly to his companion.

"Well—they'd such a number of queer-looking papers before them, some with old German-text writing, and others with zig-zag marks—and they were so uncommon polite—they all three got up as I went in, and made me bows, one after the other, and said, "Your's most obediently, Mr. Titmouse,' and a great many more such things."

"Well—and then?"

"Why, Hucky, so help me——! and 'pon my soul, that old gent, Mr Quirk, told me"—Titmouse's voice trembled at the recollection—"he says, 'Sir, you're the real owner of Ten Thousand a-year' "——

"La!" ejaculated Huckaback, opening wider and wider his eyes and ears as his friend went on.

"'And a title—a *lord*, or something of that sort—and you've a great many country seats; and there's been £10.000 a-year saving up for you ever since you was born—and heaps of interest' "——

"Lord, Tit! you take my breath away," gasped Huckaback, his eyes fixed intently on his friend's face.

"Yes; and they said I might marry the most beautifulest woman that ever my eyes saw, for the asking."

"You'll forget poor Bob Huckaback, Tit!" murmured his friend, despondingly.

"Not I"——

"Have you been to Dowlas's to-day, after hearing all this?"

[The thermometer seemed to have been plunged out of hot water into cold—Titmouse was down at zero in a trice]

"Oh!—that's it! 'Tis all gone again! What a fool I am! We've clean forgot this cursed letter—and that leads me to the end of what took place last night. That cursed shop was what we split on!"

"Split on the shop! eh? What's the meaning of that?" enquired Huckaback, with eager anxiety.

"Why, that's the thing," continued Titmouse, in a faltering tone, and with a depressed look—"That was what I wanted to know myself; for they said I'd better go back!! So I said, 'Gents' said I, 'I'll be —— if I'll go back to the shop any more;' and I snapped my fingers at them—so! (for you know what a chap I am when my blood's up.) And they all turned gashly pale—they did, upon my life—you never saw any thing like it! And one of them said then, in a humble way, 'Wouldn't I please to go back to the shop, just for a day or two, till things is got to rights a bit.' 'Not a day nor a minute!' says I, in an immense rage. 'We think you'd better, really,' said they. 'Then,' says I, 'if that's your plan, curse me if I won't cut with you all, and I'll employ some one else!' and—would you believe me!—out I went, bang! into the street!!"

"You *did*, Tit!!"

"They shouldn't have given me so much brandy and water as they did; I didn't well know what I was about, what with the news and the spirits!"

"And you went into the street!" enquired Huckaback, with a kind of horror.

"I did, indeed."

"They'd given you the spirits to see what kind of chap you'd be if you got the property—only to try you, depend on it!"

"Lord! I—I dare say they did!" exclaimed Titmouse, elevating his head with sudden amazement; totally forgetting that that same brandy and water he had asked for—"and me never to think of it at the time!"

"Now are you quite sure you wasn't in a *dream* last night, all the while!"

"Oh, dear, I wish I had been—I do, indeed, Hucky!"

"Well—you went into the street—what then?" enquired Huckaback, with a sigh of exhausted attention.

"Why, when I'd got there I was fit to bite my tongue off, as one may suppose; but, just as I was a turning to go in again, who should come up to me but Mr Gammon, saying, he humbly hoped there was no offence."

"Oh, glorious? So it was all set right again, then—eh?" "Why—I—I can't quite exactly say that much, either—but—when I went back, (being obligated by Mr Gammon being so pressing,) the other two was sitting as pale as death; and though Mr Gammon and me went on our knees to the old gent, it wasn't any use for a long time; and all that he could be got to say was, that perhaps I might look in again to-night—(but they first made me swear a solemn oath on the Bible never to tell any one any thing about the fortune)—and then—*you* went, Huckaback, and you did the business: they of course concluding I'd sent you!"

"Bother! that can't be. Don't you see how civilly they speak of me in their letter? They're afraid of me, you may depend on it. By the way, Tit, how much did you promise to come down, if you got the thing?"

"*Come down!*—I—really—by Jove, I didn't! No—I'm sure I didn't!"—answered Titmouse, as if new light had burst in upon him.

"Why, Tit, I never seed such a goose! That's it, depend upon it—it's the whole thing! That's what they're driving at, in the note!—Why, Tit, where *was* your wits? D'ye think such gen's as them—great lawyers, too—will work for nothing?—You write and tell them you will come down handsome—say a couple of hundreds, besides expenses—Gad! 'twill set you on your pins again, Titty!—Rot me! now I think of it, if I didn't dream last night that you was a Member of Parliament, or something of that sort."

"A Member of Parliament! And so I shall, if all this turns up well."

"You see if my dream don't come true! You see, Titty, I'm *always* a thinking of you, day and night. Never was two fellows that was such close friends as we was from the beginning."

[They had been acquainted with each other about a year.]

"Hucky, what a cruel scamp I was to behave to you in the way I did—curse me, if I couldn't cry to see your eye bunged up in that way!"

"Pho! dear Titty, I knew you loved me, all the while—and meant no harm; you wasn't yourself when you did it—and besides, I deserved ten times more. If you had killed me, I should have liked you as much as ever!"

"Give us your hand, Hucky! Let's forgive one another!" cried Titmouse, excitedly: and their hands were quickly locked together.

"If we don't mismanage the thing, we shall be all right yet, Titty; but you won't do any thing without speaking to me first—will you, Titty?"

"The thoughts of it all going right again is enough to set me wild, Hucky!—But what shall we do to set the thing going again?"

"*Quarter past one!*" quivered the voice of the paralytic watchman beneath, startling the friends out of their exciting colloquy; his warning being at the same time silently seconded by the long wicked candle, burning within half an inch of its socket. They hastily agreed that Titmouse should immediately write to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, a proper [*i. e.* a most abject] letter, solemnly pledging himself to obey their injunctions in every thing for the future, and offering them a handsome reward for their exertions, if successful.

"Well—good night, Huck! good-night," said Titmouse, rising. "I'm not the least sleepy—I sha'n't sleep a wink all night long! I shall sit up to write my letter—you haven't got a sheet of paper, here, by the way?—I've used all mine." [That was, he had, some months before, bought a sheet to write a letter, and had so used it.]

Huckaback produced a sheet, somewhat crumpled, from a drawer. "I'd give a hundred if I had them!" said he; "I shan't care a straw for the hiding I've got to-night—though I'm a *leetle* sore after it, too—and what the deuce am I to say to-morrow to Messrs. Diaper——"

"Oh, you can't hardly be at a loss for a lie that'll suit *them*, surely!—So good night, Hucky—good night!"

Huckaback wrung his friend's hand, and was in a moment or two alone. "Haven't my fingers been itching all the while to be at the fellow!" exclaimed he, as he shut the door. "But, somehow, I've got too soft a sperrit, and can't bear to hurt any one; and then—if the chap gets his 10,000*l.* a-year—why—hem! Titty an't such a bad fellow, in the main, after all."

If Titmouse had been many degrees higher in the grade of society, *he would still have met with his Huckaback;*—a trifle more polished, perhaps, but hardly more quicksighted or effective than, in his way, had been the vulgar being he had just quitted!

Titmouse hastened homeward. How it was, he knew not; but the feelings of elation with which he had quitted Huckaback did not last long; they rapidly sunk, in the cold night air, lower and lower, the farther he got from Leicester Square. He tried to recollect *what it was* that had made him take so very different a view of his affairs from that with which he had entered Huckaback's room. He had still a vague impression that they were not desperate; that Huckaback had told him so, *and somehow proved it;* but how he now knew not—he could not recollect. As Huckaback had gone on, from time to time, Titmouse's little mind seemed to him to comprehend and appreciate what was said, and to gather encouragement from it; but now—consume it!—he stopped—rubbed his forehead—what the deuce was it? By the time that he had reached his own door, he felt in as deplorable and despairing a humor as ever. He sat down to write his letter at once; but, after many vain efforts to express his meaning—his feelings being not in the least degree relieved by the many oaths he uttered—he at length furiously dashed his pen, point-wise, upon the table, and thereby destroyed the only implement of the sort which he possessed. Then he tore, rather than pulled off, his clothes; blew out his candle with a furious *puff!* and threw himself on his bed—but in so doing banged the back of his head against the back of the bed—and which suffered most, for some time after, probably Mr. Titmouse was best able to tell.

Hath, then—oh, Titmouse! fated to undergo much!—the blind jade Fortune, in her mad vagaries—she, the goddess whom thou hast so long foolishly worshipped—at length cast her sportful eye upon thee, and singled thee out to become the envy of millions of admiring fools, by reason of the pranks she will presently make thee exhibit for her amusement? If this be indeed, as at present it promises, her intent, she truly, to me calmly watching her movements, appears resolved first to wreak her spite upon thee to the uttermost, and make thee pass through intense sufferings! Oh me! Oh me! Alas!

Blackwood's Magazine

HAVING ONE'S OWN WAY.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

> "*Mother.* Oh! dear Alfred [illegible]n't upset the inkstand!
> *Dear Alfred* I will.
> *Mother.* Oh! my little d[illegible]ing, put papa's razors down.
> *Little Darling.* I won't DOMESTIC LIFE, A TRAGI COMEDY.

Who, that has looked upon the world—"for four times seven years" (which one's wife calls five at least), has ever, throughout that period, discovered more than one way that he ardently desired to have, or could conscientiously think worth having. Of course, the one way is one's own way. For my part, I never wanted any other; but I have invariably wanted that. Now that happens to be exactly the way that people, of whatsoever degree, will never let you have if they can help it. You may have theirs if you will, and welcome; they endeavour with all their soul and with all their strength to persuade you to have it; nay, you may pick from a profusion; but you must not have your own way. The world is all before you where to choose, so that your choice fall not on the sole object that you thirst for—the one thing you want—that one thing happening of all others upon earth to belong to you by right—to be emphatically *your own.*

The world is singularly consistent in its inconsistency. Every individual atom in society is duly impressed with a conviction of the privilege and the pleasure of having its own little way, while it is immovably fixed in a resolution to let no fellow-atom secure that requisite and natural indulgence. "I don't care, I will have my own way," says every man to himself. "Now, don't be so obstinate, don't insist upon having your own way," is the cry of every man to his neighbour.

I hate obstinacy as I hate egotism. I never could bear unnecessarily to oppose myself to the wishes of other people. I blush like a lobster when I get into hot water. But at the same time, though the most docile and tractable creature alive, I always said from my very cradle, and I always shall say it' "What is the use of other people's ways to me? Let me always have my own; I never ask for more, and won't be satisfied with less." If there's anything unreasonable in this, let the reader tell me so at once, and I'll discuss the point with him when we meet. I was always a friend to free discussion. I'm of opinion with Mr. Croaker, in some play that I once saw, that there's no objection to argument when you have finally made up your mind, because reason can then do no harm.

I had hardly crept out of the cradle just adverted to, when I began to give proofs of that independent turn of mind, the self-acting principle of my disposition, which I am now laying claim to as being almost all that I can positively call my own—the more reason you will say why I should value it as I do, and take pride in the possession of it. It has cost me something, I'm sure, and ought to be worth bragging of—but I never boast. Why should you? you will ask in the sequel.

Poor old Wheezle! If she were alive, would'nt she remember the day! It was my fourth birthday, and there was a general conspiracy all through the house to make me comfortable and happy. They were all, I believe, very fond of me. Indeed, I have generally observed, that spirited children who show signs of having a will of their own, who won't submit to be quietly trained up in the way they should go like young rabbits—who are not afraid to squall, and can kick for themselves, as it were, are much more apt to attract notice, and to be petted and indulged by the people about them, than children of a meeker and less impatient temper. It fared so with me, at all events; for I had always ten times as many toys, sweetmeats, and holidays, as my brother, who was too meek and mute to disturb a mouse, who would, with surprising readiness, and as I sometimes thought with real, but certainly with apparent pleasure, do exactly at all times what he was told to do, instead of the reverse, which ever seemed so natural to me. It happened, at any rate, on this birthday of mine, that all hands were busied in supplying materials for a grand nursery festival. It was all arranged; I was to go out in the morning, receive company when I came home, and be allowed to make myself almost as ill as I liked. But somehow all this displeased me. I got up in an ill humor, and as I liked it, I kept in it throughout the day. I was very fractious, undoubtedly, as boys will be. They had all resolved that I *should* be happy, and I remember that I could not bear the sense of control—I could not bear that they should have their way, and I not have mine. So they were all thwarted, for I would neither go out nor see my visiters, and lest I should break a bloodvessel, or my father's afternoon nap, my mother ordered that I should "have my own way" Poor Wheezle, she did humor me, to be sure! All day long I led her such a life, and she never crossed me in any thing. At last, having scattered or torn up all my books and prints, my eyes rested upon a splendid volume (one of Hogarth's) of which I had once or twice caught a glimpse, and which I now resolved to finger. I screamed for it, but in vain. Wheezle was not an ill-natured woman, but she was just one of those persons who will cheerfully render you ninety-nine services, and then refuse the hundredth if it does not suit them to grant it. Now it was this hundredth that I wanted, and certainly I *did* roar. Any book but that I might have—dozens were offered—but there could be no substitute—I screamed and stamped. Few boys are fully aware of what screaming and stamping will effect, if duly persevered in. My mother came as before, "Let him have his way—his father says he may have the book."—And then observing, perhaps, that I was standing rather close to the fender she quitted the room with a maternal direction, "Take care he doesn't play, with the fire."

Now it so happens that I had never thought of such a thing as playing with the fire. Of all the mischievous expedients which I had that day hit upon, playing with the fire had never crossed my mind. Here was a discovery!—Playing with fire was pleasant under any circumstances; but playing with fire when care was to be taken that I did not! who could resist, that loved to have his own way? The book instantly lost its charms, but I was quiet as I turned over its leaves; and fatigued to the utmost, so as to be completely overcome by the sudden change from tumult to tranquillity, my old attendant began to doze. I seized the opportunity, tore two or three of the prints out of the splendid volume, set light to them, and flung them blazing upon the fender; so that watching the expiring sparks, I could enjoy the sport which children call "seeing the people out of church." From that hour I date the formation of my character. Until the day when I was full four years of age, I had no guiding principle, no fixed purpose. I then conceived the glory of having one's own way, and I had it. To be sure, on repeating the flare with another handfull of illustrious leaves, I set my frock on fire, and was found rolling on the rug in an agony; nor were the flames extinguished until I was so burnt as to be in imminent danger for weeks. My features to this day bear dreadful marks of the ravage, and my wife is every now and then fidgety lest the next boy should be like me. Still, it will be observed, I achieved my object—young as' I was, I had my way!

The consequences, however, made me cautious, though not less resolved.—Then I grew bigger, and became less circumspect. It was sufficient to warn me not to go upon the ice, to ensure my being brought home by that punctual delivery company, the Humane Society. If I took it into my head to go to the play without parental permission, to the play I went, though it were to see my own father's tragedy damned; and if I had made up my mind to go to church, by the same rule I verily believe I should have gone. The temptation in such cases would naturally be rendered slight by the lack of opposition. If I could have my own way unopposed, I never found it particularly worth having. But resistance stimulated me to exertion, to stratagem, and almost involuntarily to success. I may give an example of the mode by which, very early in life, I contrived to accomplish my ends, trivial as they were. Endeavoring to engage a companion in the game known among boys as that of "playing at horses," I proposed "to him to be my horse." My reins of string were ready, but he doggedly refused. I pressed him to submit; he would not. I threatened, but I saw by his flashing eye and clenched fist, that though far inferior in strength to myself, force would be wholly unavailing, and that his obstinacy was invincible. Of course I did'n't care about playing with the young scamp, but I had made the proposal, and "*my horse*" he must be. It became necessary to change the terms of the proposition, the object being exactly the same. "Well, then," I suggested, "I'm not particular; come, I'll be *your cart?*"—To this he instantly consented, and I as instantly felt a flush of triumph all ove my frame; for I saw in the slight circumstance an example of the spirit in which opposition to my will must be met, and of the success with which craft may work out its purpose, and have its own way in the world. The little vagabond, though! He was very light of foot, and went off much too fast for me; so as he was running like a race-horse, and I, holding the reins, was chuckling at the thought of having *done* him, he dragged me over some loose stones, and before I could let go, down I came with a crash. My broken leg was skillfully set, but I feel pain in it even now, and limp confoundedly. Still, as you will again observe, I had my own way; and therefore I don't care—much.

"Ah!" said my mother, as I lay ill, and seemingly asleep, "if that boy had his own way, depend upon it he'd come to be an emperor." And positively I think I should.

"How well things went on with Napoleon," thought I, reflecting upon this afterwards, "while he had it all his own way! but other people would insist upon having theirs, and then his troubles began." Every history I read told me the same story, and confirmed me in my resolution. All the great people—kings, conquerors, mighty churchmen, and ministers—they were prosperous and happy so long as they had their way, and were only exiled, poisoned, burnt, decapitated, or otherwise inconvenienced, when they had it no longer. What lessons for me to learn—what grand truths for me to reflect upon!

My boyhood did not disgrace my childhood, nor did my young-manhood discredit my boyhood. Unluckily, however, out of the only three professions that a gentleman can follow I was obliged to make choice of the one which was hateful to me; my provident father and mother having, between them, hit upon the other two—each of this chosen two being deemed, by one or the other parent, exactly suited to me—the very thing. I have always thought this exceedingly hard; and can never reflect upon the violent affection and anxious forethought of my two relatives alluded to, without strong resentment. If they had not persisted in recommending those pursuits for which I was qualified, and to which in truth my inclinations tended, one of those pursuits I should have fixed upon; as it was, I had no choice left, and, in the emergency to which their fondness had reduced me, I was of course compelled to adopt the wrong profession. It is impossible, however, to maintain one's independence without occasional sacrifices. In fact, rather than let other people have their way, I would not, at the period I am speaking of, have scrupled to turn author, and disgrace my family.

But this wilfulness and perversity on the part of relations who, as usual, meant well, was fated to be my hindrance, in a still more important proceeding of life. I must say that I have experienced great provocation and grievous injury, and nothing but a consciousness of having at last, by some means or other, had my own way, could console me under a sense of it.

There was a young lady—I was about to mention her name—but it is as well not—for if ever my wife should see this in print—

But to proceed. There was in our neighborhood a fair young creature, a gentle, sensitive, and lovely girl, whom as a very child I had looked upon with eyes of boyish preference, and whose progress, in the beautiful season of youth I had watched with a kind of half-conscious passion. To tell the truth I am now fully convinced that I loved her; but of this I was not so sure then. How she felt towards me was perhaps somewhat uncertain too. That I was not indifferent to her I know; for once, when excessively annoyed at being very strictly enjoined—while in her presence—that was what I could not bear—strictly enjoined not to go near a surly mastiff, whom I had plagued often enough, and who was now chained up as dangerous—when, I say, I went up to the brute immediately, and got my arm terribly lacerated by him, I perceived that I had made *some* impression on her mind. Nobody I am very sure could scream more naturally, or look whiter with or without pearl-powder than she did; but afterwards, when she had recovered from the fright, there was an expression of dislike and reproach on her pretty, timid-looking face, which I could never exactly account for. It left me in doubt whether she entertained an aversion for what she might have heard called my self-willed, headstrong character, or whether she rebuked me for having put my precious life in peril, and agitated her so cruelly. Probably, too, she felt that the cry of distress and terror she raised when the brute sprang upon me proclaimed the existence (she was fourteen at that time) of a sentiment towards me too tender to be so incautiously and publicly revealed; for it is certain that from that hour she was rather more guarded than she had been before, more sparing of her little innocent smiles when we met—or perhaps I fancied it.

Another trifling incident, however, it may be as well to relate. It occurred a long time afterwards, and she witnessed it. Her brother and some other young horsemen had dared me to ride a mare that I had along a very awkward bit of road—four or five miles of it, with a leap or two to take—in so many minutes. They said I couldn't do it, I had said I could, and therefore I *would*—and so I *did*. But unluckily the mare's strength was unequal to the feat, and just as she came to the last leap I found the spur failing of effect. She tried it, for she was eleven points blood—but she hurt herself horribly, and her shoulder was dislocated, and so it was thought best to shoot her. Now among the eyes that witnessed this provoking misadventure were—by mere accident—two particularly blue and bright ones, that, as the mare came flying down the pitch, and dropped with me at the fence below it, I could see straining with all their power, and expressing quite as much pity and alarm as would satisfy most men that they were passionately beloved. Well, I was no sooner extricated (for I was not hurt), than turning round, there were those eyes, filled but now with beautiful fear and commiseration, closed as if in death, so that the poor dying mare seemed more alive than she did. Those few moments of insensibility I did not soon forget; nor could all her black looks and cold words afterwards blind me effectually to the state of those feelings which must (I fancy) have caused the pitying gaze and the painful shudder as the crippled beast dropped under me. Poor girl, my danger was not so great as she doubtless thought it!

This occurred when we were about nineteen. A year or two later, on my return home from a three months' trip to the continent, which had afforded me abundant opportunities of comparing foreign beauty and foreign manners with hers, and of testing the reality of my passion, what was my disappointment, my concern, my thorough mortification, at finding that during my absence her parents and mine had regularly settled all the preliminaries of a match between us! They had to my astonishment and dismay finally arranged it as a thing that was positively to be—the fullest confidence and reliance being placed on her gentleness, that ever promised assent to the wishes of those who loved her, and on my long undisguised partiality, which of course seemed to threaten no opposition. In fact, they had never dreamed of a difficulty; and if I had been an automaton lover, a bridegroom to be pulled with wires at their will, they could not have made more sure of me. Never was I so enraged. The embarrassment, the bitterness, the irretrievable ill-luck of my position, must at once be seen. What added to the exasperating effect of this tyrannical arrangement was, that the instant it was mentioned, perceiving at once the ruin of my hopes, I felt my passion, but moderately warm before, blazing up with ungovernable fury. It was only in the moment of sacrifice that I finally found out *what* I sacrificed. Discovering that I loved in vain, I learnt how truly I loved. This I have always regarded as the crowning hardship of my life. Here was I, adoring the girl to desperation, and reasonably hoping to prosper in my suit; in fact, if I had once made up my mind to have her, mine of course she would and must have been; here was I, suddenly cut off from all possibility of a fulfilment of my fond desires by the fatal interference of four foolish old people, pre-arranging, pre-settling, and pre-ordaining matters, so that I must of necessity let them have their own way unconditionally, or——the alternative is self-evident, and I need not say that I unhesitatingly adopted it. I crushed their project of a marriage in six words. As far as memory serves, "If I do I'll be" were five out of the half-dozen.

Only suppose that my father had providentially been opposed to this marriage—or that my mother even had violently objected to it—I might have brought myself to consent to such a compromise, for when a man's matrimonial happiness is the stake, he shouldn't unreasonably reject every mode of winning. But all such blessings of opposition were rigorously denied me. To me, no frantic threat of being severed from my patrimony, through the medium of a shilling, furnished the desirable stimulant—no maternal fits defying sal volatile impelled me to a union—no brother's blustering remonstrances against the match pleaded trumpet-tongued in behalf of my bride-elect—no sister's handkerchief of cambric tear-steeped, waved me onward, resolute to create the dreaded sister-in-law; but instead, there was a fixed confidence in every eye, a full conviction in every heart, that I had no choice, must consent, and indeed was eager beyond expression to show my obedience and accomplish all that they wished. Even with these obstacles, had there been a stout opposition in the lady's family—had her frantic brother hinted something about a latent inclination to call me out, or her stupid father been heard to say after dinner that he shouldn't at all mind being hanged on my account—if I had been but once waylaid, or if they had sent her into Yorkshire out of my way, or starved her for six weeks in a garret—this would have been something—it might have altered the case. But it was a conspiracy of compliance; the families were united in one sentiment, or rather resolution; the very servants had set their hearts on the match.—Fate had already drawn up the certificate. The chickens were all counted, and simply required hatching; the reckoning was all settled, only the host had'nt been called in.

In one month after this I was married; not to the lady of *their* choice, but to a lady of mine. I had several times met, in the family of a fellow-student in town, a sort of counterpart to Beatrice in the comedy, only she was not at all handsome, nor could she be said to have the smallest pretensions to wit. But it so happened that on sundry occasions—morning calls and evening parties—we two had fallen to games of cross-purposes. She took especial delight in taunting and thwarting me—it could only be in trivial things of course, but they were enough to rouse resentment and provoke retaliation; so that whenever we met we were sure to quarrel bitterly with due politeness, and I believe hated each other with exceeding cordiality. The sympathy of aversion exhibited itself at our first meeting; we had hardly exchanged glances, when we detested one another.

Now next to love at first sight, the danger of union exists in hate at first sight; indeed, the repelling quality often contains secretly the strongest power of attraction. A woman may love, and yet not necessarily marry you; but once get her to hate, and it is your own fault if she don't have you. A consciousness that I had triumphantly succeeded in this latter exploit, decided my choice. Enraged and tortured by the wishes, the entreaties, and the prayers of all around me, I put a last and extinguishing "No!" upon the united proposals of the two families, started for town, rushed to my resource, proposed, remonstrated, upset all obstacles, scoffed at all resistance, had my own way, and was accepted!

After a short season of courtship, passed in pleasing squabbles, and interesting bickerings, with a stormy quarrel or two, that would have done no discredit even to wedded life, I woke up one morning in a chaise that was going to Twickenham, and found myself actually married!

The chaise I said was *going* to Twickenham; but as I like to be accurate, and hate insinuations, I shall frankly admit that it never got there. To tell the truth, my wife had a passion for Richmond, for the "Star and Garter," and to Richmond she would go, although every arrangement that heart could wish for, had been made at Twickenham—close by, just a stone's throw off. She insisted that Twickenham was low and damp, and she worked me into a fever by her violent apprehensions about my rheumatism. Any thing more aggravating is hardly conceivable; but as it was my marriage-morning, as it had come to a skirmish, and as it was deucedly unpleasant to drive into an orderly village with *both* glasses of the chaise broken—I confess that I did yield the point, comforting myself with the reflection that she gained very little by the conquest, for the distance is nothing between Richmond and Twickenham. I *almost* had my own way, you see!

The rest of the day was spent very agreeably; principally in silent but strenuous endeavors on my part, to reconcile my eyes and ears to my wedded lot, to fortify my mind with reflections upon the vanity and evanescence of beauty, and to convince myself of the unendurable insipidity of a sweet temper.

"How mawkishly," ruminated I, "must my whole life have been passed, had I submitted to dictation and married Em—(if I wasn't just going to mention her name again—it runs confoundedly in my head!) How soon one grows tired of beauty (I proceeded), sighed for ugliness as a change! a feeling, surely, every bit as worrying and restless as that of wishing to exchange ugliness for beauty. Or granting that man would never grow weary of a beautiful face, how acute must be his anguish at seeing the loveliness he worships fade away! If we desire no change, if we would avoid the pangs of disappointment, we should marry ugly, not handsome women; for beauty vanishes, but *ugliness never does*—there is the grand truth. Choose a wife for her beauty, it becomes daily less and less; choose her for her plainness, it becomes hourly more and more. Wise men, I am persuaded, always do what I have done; and at all events, I have had my own way. As for a sweet temper and a gentle disposition—submissiveness is excellent when particularly wanted, but without a little dogged and inconsiderate resistance now and then, how is it to be borne with at all! I hate submission. How I should detest that walking-over-the-course sort of life, with nothing opposing me, nothing to achieve! There's that—(well, never mind her name)—if I had married *her*—she would have said 'Yes!' to every proposition I could have made. It would have been in vain to ask, for her assent would have been certain. I never could have had my own way, for she would instantly have made it *hers*. Wind and tide—quick tide, fair wind—for ever. Who could bear this! She would have let me beat her at backgammon when the game was hers—revoked at whist on purpose that I might win. What's the use of one's own way had on these terms! No, no; save me, of all things, if I'm to live at all, from the timid, tender, inoffensive wife, who never was known to deliver a positive opinion in her husband's presence but once; and that was when, breaking a long silent pause in a scriptural discussion, she ventured in low and trembling accents to remark—'Samson was the strongest man!'—If she had but said he *wasn't*, what a jewel of a wife would she have been, and what a long winter's evening might have been got rid of!"

This was a somewhat long soliloquy for a wedding-day! Yes, but then the day itself seemed long, and my object in soliloquizing, was to shorten it by arguing myself into happiness. I found that this required vast quantities of reason before it could be effected, and I continued my labor for several successive days, regardless of the consumption. But unluckily, just as I had finally convinced myself that obstinacy and contradiction are, when administered in certain proportions, to be classed among the essential elements of matrimonial felicity, I discovered that in my case the quantities were too large—that the remedy was less agreeable than the disease. Now of all good things, contradiction and obstinacy are those which it is extremely undesirable to have too much of—a truth that impressed itself more provokingly upon my mind every hour—as regularly, in short, as the dreary consciousness increased that a superfluity in that respect had really fallen to my lot.

"Too much of them," is not the fitting phrase; I had nothing else! Four-and-twenty hours had not elapsed when the fact stared me in the face; the question as to the second day's dinner ought to have made me see it. Train up a wife in the way she should go—that is, in your way—and when she is old she will submit to a separate maintenance; that should have been my maxim. But unfortunately I began wrong, and continued wrong. My excuse is—we were at the "Star and Garter;" a very excellent hotel, but not one's own house. The ruinous, the fatal principle, "any thing for peace and quietness," was too early forced upon me. Without grumbling, I must say that my fate has been one succession of hardships. Had we gone to Twickenham, or had the glass of that cursed yellow chaise been down, that it might have escaped the smash—but it was to be, and it happened accordingly.

Let it not be supposed, however, that I have at any time, then or since, submitted to an arbitrary exercise of will, in blank opposition to my own; that I have been—to use a plain but unpleasant expression—hen-pecked, as it were. No, I couldn't stand that; nor, to do my wife justice, is she the woman to attempt it. What does the poet say,

> "She, if she rules him, never shows the rules!"

My wife has hit upon this secret and invisible mode of government. Her iron rule is simply a persuader. Coercion with her, assumes the air of coaxing. You would absolutely think at first sight, that I have every thing my own way; but the truth is, that—that I have *not*. She "loves" and "honors" me, according to her vow at the altar—but with so much intensity, that to "obey" is impossible. Such is her excess of affection, that it quite swallows up obedience How natural it is to be discontented! When she hated me, I insisted upon her loving me; now, I should be supremely blessed if she would but hate me again. If she would openly tyranize, and play the absolute monarch undisguised, my remedy would be easy; but this affectionate, plausible, irresistible despotism, is a yoke that it is just as difficult to endure as to shake off—by which is meant, that it is perfectly impossible.

It isn't that she "o'erdoes termagant"—no, she underdoes it. With what uncontrollable and insinuating fondness does she interfere with all business, all pleasure, of mine; with whatsoever I say, and whatsoever I do! How winningly does she snatch away my hat when I want to go out, and how facetiously does she contrive that I shall not be solitary when I wish to be alone. Never, surely, was such devotion exhibited. She had rather that I stayed within doors for days together, than that I should quit the house unaccompanied by her. When I once told her I should go out of my mind, her answer was,

"My dear, I shall insist upon going with you, for I'm sure you wouldn't be able to take care of yourself."

When had man such a physician before? My health is her hourly thought, and though there is nothing on earth the matter with it, it is throughout the year in a most precarious state. If I really had the half-dozen diseases that her acute apprehensions detect, to be more closely watched, or rigidly tended, would be impossible. She knows exactly when smoking is most injurious to me, and that is always at the very moment I take my meerschaum. Her knowledge of the deleterious qualities of wines is just as remarkable. If my inclinations tend to port, madeira is peremptorily prescribed; and should I fancy madeira, toast-and-water, made very weak, is affectionately substituted. Strong eyesight is an invaluable blessing; but what a bore to be prevented from making use of it in the library, lest it should ever be weakened by reading! There is not an author in the catalogue who is not remorselessly locked up just as I have a mind for his company; and my wife's facility at losing a key is hardly to be paralleled. My friends are quite as effectually excluded as my books. She is pretty sure that one would lead me to the hazard-table and another to Tattersall's; this, she has reason to know only seeks my friendship, that he may borrow my acceptance either at two or three months; and the other is not a person fit for any married man to associate with, for he openly snubs his wife, and is rarely home before one in the morning.

But here some reader, blessed, unspeakably blessed, with a wife who doesn't care the shadow of a straw for him, interrupts me with, "Why don't you resist!" Resist! I could almost run through all the tenses of the verb; I resist, am resisting, and do resist; I did resist; I have resisted; I shall *and* will resist; but to what end, with what effect, and how idly! Violence is easily combated, but devotion such as hers is invincible. One grievance I must especially complain of. While having every thing exactly her own way, she is incessantly tracing to that very practice on my part all the evils that have ever befallen me. My shortened leg, my scarred visage—my stinted means and failing profession, are all produced as witnesses against my capacity for self-government, and in favor of my abiding by unexceptionable advice. The quarrels I have had, and especially certain expensive lawsuits into which I have been led (and into which people must often be led when they know they are in the right, and feel that they ought to have their own way), are cited as proofs of my rashness and inexperience; in other words, of my want of a wife to govern me. Inexperience! Yes, it is her apprehension on this score, that makes her, in whatever company we may be, add exactly five years to my age.

"People," she intimates, "do think you so young and inexperienced, so gay, I can't bear it."

These fictitious five raise me to about her own level. And then, in the same spirit, though apparently contradictory, she wishes, looking in my face most likely the whole time, that the children may not resemble *me* as they grow up, for she must say she *should* like her boys to be reckoned handsome! The one that happens to have her nose, not much exaggerated, would bring me a fortune in shillings, if exhibited at the Egyptian Hall.

What a nose might he have had, if Em—Emily (there's the name at last), if *she* had been his mother! Three months after my sudden flight, she married my brother; he was just the person to conform to any body's wishes. They all talked of the match as of a settled thing between the parties from childhood; a love-marriage, though the families never dreamed of such an attachment. It might be convenient to say this, the better to cover the awkwardness of my retreat, and account for the sudden transfer of the lady. There was, to be sure, a striking similarity in their manners and dispositions. A gentle pair, truly. Love! Well, all I can say is, that I never noticed a symptom of it; and I believe now, that if we were both free, and she were allowed to have her way, she'd have me!

Freedom is, however, out of the case. Nothing is so long-lived as slavery. Ah! that fatal stopping short at Richmond! Never once, since that hour, have I entirely had my own way. No husband, who aspires to rule, should ever confound "almost" with "quite." There may be six Richmonds in the field, but they are still Richmonds. Let him dash through them all, in spite of broken chaise glasses and premeditated fainting-fits. Let him, wise by my disaster, drive on. Let him keep his eye steadily on the finger-post—☞To Twickenham!

New Monthly Magazine.

KEMBLE.—Few men of milder, calmer, gentler disposition, steeled at the same time with a high sense of honour, and the nice-timed feelings of a gentleman, are probably left behind him. Two instances may be selected from the works before us. A wrong-headed actor, having challenged him on account of some supposed injustice, Kemble walked to the field as if to rehearsal, took his post, and received the fire as unmoved as if he had been acting the same on the stage; but refused to return the shot, saying, the gentleman who wished satisfaction had, he supposed, got it—he himself desired none. On another occasion, when defending Miss Phillips against a body of military gentlemen, whose drunkenness rendered their gallant attentions doubly disagreeable, one of them struck at him with his drawn sabre; a maid-servant parried the blow, and Kemble only saying, "Well done, Euphrasia," drew his sword, and taking the young lady under his arm, conducted her home in safety. As a moral character, his integrity was unsullied; and the whole tenor of his life was equally honourable to himself and useful to his art.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Fanny.—This fine filly, the half sister to *Wagner*, arrived at Columbia, S.C., with *Argyle*, on the 28th ult. The senior editor, who saw her on her arrival, writes that she discovered symptoms of having taken the distemper two or three days before she reached Col. Hampton's stable, but that as she has had it before, it was thought the present attack would not prove severe. Argyle was in fine health; his location for the ensuing season had not been resolved upon by the gentlemen interested in him, but he will, without doubt, remain in Columbia.

Mr. Edw. J. Wilson, of Norfolk, Va., on the week of the Columbia (S. C.) races, disposed of a portion of his string as follows:—*Omega*, 5 yrs., for $4300 to Messrs. J. Colclough, J. E. Colhoun, and Wm. Whaley, of Sumpter Dist, *Zenobia*, 4 yrs., for $1200, to J. Colclough, Esq. By the bye, the gentlemenwho have purchased Omega have engaged Hammond as trainer, and intend "carrying the war into Africa." H. has taken Omega and Zenobia to Augusta, and will be in some force there next month, and in Charleston at the February meeting.

Messrs. Lovell & Hammond, of Augusta, Ga., have disposed of a portion of their stock as follows:—(for pedigrees see their advt. in this paper.)

Gerow (one half an interest in him) for $2500, to Mr. George W. Tuggle, of Rome, Ga. Also the 3 yr. old Hedgeford colt *Jack Grey*, for $500, to the same gentleman.

John Guedron, for $2000, to Messrs. Smith & Ware, of the same place. Also, to the same gentlemen, one half of *Florida Hepburn*, for $750. Also *Sally Van Dyke* (in foal to John Bascombe), for $1500.

Marshall R. Smith, Esq., of Hamburg, S. C., has sold an interest of *one third* in the 3 yr. old Argyle colt *Gov. Butler*, for $1500, to Mr. Louis Lovell of Augusta.

Match for $5000.—If there be "no flying off the handle," a match is concluded to come off over the Columbia (S. C.) Course at the next annual meeting, between Col. Colclough's Imp. Lapdog filly and Mr. O'Hanlon's Contention filly, both 3 yr. olds. Mr. O'H. is privileged to name the weight and distance, giving three months' notice of the same.

One half of *Marion* has recently been sold at auction in Alabama for $1800. Henry Wilkes, Esq., of North Carolina, was the purchaser.

We have at this moment several applications for the purchase of stock. Any gentleman having a three or four year old, of good height, bone, and substance, that has performed respectably, will please inform us of the terms on which he will dispose of the same. Let him fix at once his lowest price and most favorable terms, to prevent an endless correspondence.

Those gentlemen who have made applications for Eclipse horses for Kentucky, are informed that we are taking every measure to comply with their wishes.

We have just learned that Mr. William Holmead is engaged in organizing a Club at Washington, D. C., and the reader will observe by reference to our advertising columns that stakes have already been opened for the next Spring Meeting, which commences the first Tuesday in May next.

John C. Rogers, Esq., of North Carolina, has entered the produce of Maria West and Prism in the Stake to be run Fall of 1843, with colts then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn.; and also in the great Produce Stake to be run over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, same Fall.

A Match, $5000 a side $2500 forfeit, has been made, to come off over the Franklin Course, Tuscumbia, Ala., in the Fall of 1841, between Maj. N Terry's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally McGhee, by Timoleon, and Henry Smith's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina Smith, by Stockholder, Two mile heats.

Whalebone, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, will stand the next season at the residence of John A. Reedy, Madison Co, Ala., nine miles from Huntsville.

Col. W. H. Turner, of Madison Co., Ala., has sold one half ef *Bustamente*, by Whalebone, out of Sarah Dancy, by Timeleon, 4 yrs. old, to John Blevins, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala., for $1700.

We have been waiting patiently for a long while, in hopes of receiving the "Journal of the American Institute," that we might copy therefrom a list of the premiums bestowed at the late Fair at Niblo's. There was a finer lot of cattle exhibited on that occasion than we ever before had an opportunity of examining, and the opinions of men of judgment were somewhat divided as to the probable allottment of prizes. We learned soon after the Fair, that William Gibbons, Esq., of New Jersey, had been so fortunate as to receive two of them—one for the best Bull (Mr. G. exhibited his Imp. bull *Majestic*), and another for a heifer got by him. We hope to be able soon to make a full and particular report on the subject, and now mention the theme by way of apology for our long silence.

Erratum.—By carelessness, the word "not" was omitted in a communication from Washington in our last, which at once upset all the logic of the article.

"N." AT HOME.

Batesville, (Arks.) Nov. 16th, 1839.

My dear P.—Once more at home—among my early friends—and amidst the scenes of my boyhood—with health better than has fallen to my lot for years, and with spirits as good as man could wish for, I need not write that I am happy.

I find Batesville much improved. The pressure, the panic, and the suspension, have been beat back in some measure by the abundant crops which a kind Providence has showered upon the people, and the people are going ahead.—We have a beautiful church, and a village church has something most holy in its appearance,—the churchyard, with its cedars and wild roses growing over the graves of those who, but a short while since, were among us lively and gay, has a melancholy yet pleasing appearance. My theme is rather on too low a key, so I will turn to the turf and turf matters.

So James Long, Esq., has bought The Queen. It was like him—for I tell you no man had loftier turf aspirations than he—and, what is more, there lives not under the canopy of heaven a man who would go farther to serve a friend. Why he is the "Stake" General of all the upper counties of Virginia—when they fall they fly to Long.

The Queen is as fine an animal as ever trod on earth, and if ever she starts right she will make the best time ever recorded, if they can put her up.

So old *Decatur* popped it to *Hornblower*; well, I should say them Jersey boys fell hard; they go on old Jo. H. with a perfect malignant, and when they stretch him, half Jersey loses a $5 on the turn.

Arkansas is filling up with stock—good uns at that—John Ringgold, Esq., of this place, purchased a fine bay mare of Granville Hunt. She is (as certified by John D. Kirby) by imp. Luzborough, dam by Constitution, grandam by Bedford, g. g. dam by imp. Dare Devil, g. g. g. dam by old Wildair, g. g. g. g. dam by old Mercury, g. g. g. g. g. dam by old Apollo, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger, out of a Fearnought mare. She was foaled in 1834, and is now in foal to imp. Shakspeare. She is called *Little Poole*. Mr. Hunt sold a whole filly to Wm. C. Scott, Esq., of Little Rock, and one half of a Shakespeare filly, out of a John Richard's mare to James B. Keats, Esq., of the same place, who has christened her *Mary Kirby*.

Capt. Tunstall has sent *Tom Fletcher* to Missouri; he is a great favorite there. *Volcano* has gone to Fayetteville in this State. I expect I shall have to avail myself of Mr. Jervis Shirley's kind offer and send some of my mares to Kentucky.

Game is very abundant—the mast has been almost a failure, tho' the crops are fine, hence bears are only to be found in certain spots. I was tickled as I came over, at an account given me in "Irvine's Settlement," how they fixed wolves,—they caught a fellow in a pen and put a bell on him, and turned him loose—it is a horse bell, and can be heard about a mile; well away he went, Mazeppa on the wild horse was a fool to him—for three days and nights he slept not—he ate not—he paused not—like time and tide he scorned to wait for any one—in that period every head of a family, in twenty miles round, had heard the wolf-bell—but as there is an end to all things, so it was with his run. He is now pleased with the jingling of the bell, nor does it grate hoarsely on the ears of his brother wolves, but, on the contrary, they seem to have music in their souls, and rally round his standard by dozens—and the way them Caroline township fellows up there walk into them, is a caution to the varmint tribe.

Yours, truly, N.

COLUMBIA (S.C.) RACES.

The annual meeting of the Columbia Club, commenced on the 25th ult, and was maintained with the utmost spirit throughout the week. The senior editor of this paper, who was in attendance, writes that the interest of the races was enhanced by the attendance of Mr. Wilson's stable from Virginia, and Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's from Georgia. It was a source of regret that a succession of those ills to which even horse-flesh is heir, prevented the appearance of *Kate Seaton*, *Gov. Butler*, and *Chieftain*; the first was lame, the second complaining from curbs, and the latter *non est* from some cause unknown. But the circumstance more than all regretted, was the recent withdrawal from the turf of *Monarch*, in consequence of an accident which prevented his demonstrating to the world the possession of a turn of speed, and "an idea of *perpetual motion*," not exceeded by any performer on the American Turf. In the course of the week he was led on the course and stripped, and the unqualified admiration which he excited must have proved in the highest degree gratifying to his chivalrous owner. Some idea may be formed of the impression made by Monarch's surpassing strength, symmetry, and blood-like appearance, from the remark made by a veteran Turfman present, from Virginia, who observed to the Club, "I have seen fourteen of the imported horses and his sire among them, but Monarch surpasses them all."

Since the last meeting, Mr. John C. O'Hanlon, the enterprising proprietor, has been engaged in fitting up the course in a style of beauty and convenience, that will render it second to very few in the Union. A very commodious and handsome building is nearly completed for the accommodation of the Club and their families, while such arrangements have been made for the convenience of the stables of Turfmen from abroad, as will go far to ensure their annual attendance.

The Club comprises many of the most distinguished citizens of the State, and it will be a source of gratification to it to welcome to its meeting, the breeders and turfmen of the West and the North, who may assure themselves of receiving all that courtesy and hospitality so characteristic of South Carolinians. The officers of the Club for the ensuing year comprise the following gentlemen:—Col. Robert H. Goodwyn, President; Col. Pierce M Butler, Col. Wm. C. Beatty, Gen. James H. Adams, and James M. Taylor, Esq., Vice Presidents; Dr. John Fisher, Sec'y and Treas'r. Six gentlemen are annually appointed Stewards on the week preceding the races.

The ball was opened on Monday with a Produce Stake of twenty-five subscribers, which brought to the post two fillies by Imp. Nonplus, and one by Argyle; *Kate Seaton*, being lame, drew her stake. After a spirited contest between the Nonplus fillies, the favorite was beaten by the produce of Leocadia, a promising nag in the stable of Col. Flud.

The "*Hampton Plate*" of the value of $500, (two mile heats) was not run for, Col Hampton's imported filly *Emily* being the only nomination. She was plated for the race, and on the ground, but her owner with characteristic liberality, resigned it to the Club to be run for next season, instead of walking over for it. Summary:—

MONDAY, Nov. 25, 1839—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Twenty-five subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Augustus Flud's ch. f. *Hermione*, by Imp. Nonplus, out of Leocadia (the dam of Little Venus, etc.) by Virginius	*Nathan.*	1	1
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. f. *Amy the Orphan*, by Imp. Nonplus, out of Gohannah by Comet		2	2
Dr. Darby's (W. L. Lewis') ch. f. by Argyle, out of Amanda by Kosciusko		dist.	

Time, 4:01—4:00. Track heavy.

The "Hampton Plate," up for this day, value $500, free for all ages, carrying their appropriate weights, two mile heats, was not run for. Col. W. Hampton's Imp. b. f. *Emily* being the only nomination, he resigned the plate to the Club, declining to walk over for it.

SECOND DAY.

On Tuesday, the Four Mile Purse brought out *Santa Anna*, *Gerow*, and *Omega*. The first named is a game looking four year old colt of Bertrand Junior's,—as tough a bit of blood as was ever raised on pine knots in the Tar river country. In his three year old form he ran eight public races and thirteen trials; with a queer set of legs under him, and the "rummiest hocks" we ever saw, he runs "like a scar'd dog." He has been in Stewart's hands but a few weeks. Col. Hampton having recently purchased an interest of one half in him for $1000, of Col. James B. Richardson. Lovell and Hammonds' *Gerow* is an old acquaintance of the reader's; he reached Columbia on the Saturday before the races, having travelled from Milledgeville the week previous, a distance of 150 miles. Hammond gave him a run on the day after his arrival, notwithstanding a heavy rain. Mr. Wilson's *Omega*, the competitor of *Boston* and *The Queen*, and a winner in 7:40, was the favorite against the field, owing to her great reputation which had preceded her; but the result proved (what has been demonstrated in a dozen instances) that it is impossible for horses to win in Carolina after a hard campaign at the North.

The Race.—Gil. Patrick on Santa Anna had the outside of the track, and went off with the lead, but gave it up immediately to Gerow, who led without opposition for a mile and a half; here Omega being called on, ran up to Santa Anna, who dropped her in half a dozen strides, and also passed Gerow. Santa Anna now kept up his run with a gallant stroke, was never caught, and won handily, Gerow coming in second. Omega, by-the-bye, had been ordered to drop within her distance, when it was found she could not win the heat.

The grey mare having evidently lost her action, the betting was brisk on Santa Anna vs. the field, at odds. In the second heat, Gerow went forward and cut out the work, while Santa Anna waited on "the Virginia mare," hard in hand. This position was maintained for about two miles and a half, when Gil. brought up Santa Anna with a rush, and headed first Omega and then Gerow, coming into the stand a clear length ahead. The odds were now 100 to 10 on the Mexican, but on the third quarter of the last mile, Gerow made a desperate effort, collaring him on the inside; Gil. pulled to him round the turn, but on getting into straight work called on his gallant colt, who came in front, and won in sporting style, without touch of whip or spur, running the last mile in 1:58, and the heat in 8:04, Omega being "no where." It should be remarked that this is not only the best second heat ever run over the Columbia Course, but that the time has only been equalled in a single instance—that of Argyle, who ran a four mile heat here in the Fall of 1835, (we believe) in the same time. Summary;—

TUESDAY, Nov. 26—Purse $800, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. c. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Junior, out of a Koscinsko mare, 4 yrs	*Gil. Patrick.*	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. h. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 5 yrs		2	2
Ed. J. Wilson's gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy-Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs		3	dist.

Time, 8:06—8:04. Track heavy.

THIRD DAY.

On Wednesday, the field consisted of four; the first favorite was *Jeanette Berkeley*, a mare of fine speed, while *Emily* was only backed with confidence by a small party, an impression being gone abroad that she was not up to the mark. Omega's race caused a decline in the stock of *Tom Walker*, and Col. Singleton's Luzborough was emphatically "a dark horse." Speculation was rife, however, and the race was regarded with as much interest as that of the previous day; the attendance was in proportion numerous and respectable.

The Race.—The Luzborough went away with the lead, making play with Tom Walker, while Emily waited quietly on Jeanette in the rear. For nearly two miles the contest was entirely between Tom Walker and the Luzborough, but on the last turn of the second mile Jeanette made play, and a severe brush ensued; the mare had rather the best of it, coming to the stand with the other two up only to her saddle-skirts, with Tom Walker on the inside. Up to this point Gil. had waited patiently with Emily, but on getting round the turn, he got to work with her and cut down the Luzborough, and then Tom Walker, as if they had been standing still, and easily outfooting Jeanette, he came in front and won by an immense distance, pulling to the field all the way home from the head of the stretch. Of course, now "the thing was out." Emily won the second heat with ease, in capital time [5:58], the only circumstance occurring worthy of mention being the fact that Tom Walker literally *burst* his hoof, if we except the superb specimen of jockey-ship displayed by Gil. Patrick, which was the theme of universal praise.

This was Emily's eighth appearance in public, in which she has won six times, including three races at three mile heats. We improve this opportunity to say of her young trainer, Stewart, that we have not seen horses brought on the course this season, anywhere, in finer condition than those from his stable; indeed, for the last four or five years, Col. Hampton's string of horses, in the hands of "the Captain," have won more races than any other in the Union. Monarch was to have been withdrawn from the Turf at the close of the present season, after the Charleston races, and it is most unfortunate for Stewart that he could not have made this campaign, as he has not only never lost a race, but on three several occasions has given Emily *twenty-seven pounds*, and beaten her, fast and stout as she is acknowledged to be. Summary:—

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27—Purse $500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. m. *Emily*, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, 5 yrs	*Gil. Patrick.*	1	1
Col. Richard Singleton's ch. h. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena by Sir Archy, 5 yrs		4	2
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. m. *Jeanette Berkeley*, by Bertrand Junior, out of Caroline by Young Buzzard, 5 yrs		2	3
Edw. J. Wilson's ch. h. *Tom Walker*, by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs		3	dist.

Time, 6:01—5:58. Track heavy.

FOURTH DAY.

Thursday's race, Two mile heats, was one of the most interesting contests ever seen on this course. There were seven entries, and "all sorts" of betting. After the horses were stripped, considerable sums were laid out on *Fanny Bailey* and Col. Singleton's imported Chateau Margaux filly against the field, which comprised *Zoraida*, *Amy the Orphan*, *Pink*, *Friday*, and *Zenobia*—the latter bred and owned by our Long Island friend, Maj. Jones.

The Race.—Little Craig, on the Chateau Margaux filly, led off the dance at a lively pace, but soon resigned the lead to Amy, who carried on the running through the first mile, Zenobia getting up second towards the end of it, and Pink 3d. Unfortunately Zenobia's saddle slipped upon her neck about this time, so that "*Wash*" could give him no support, yet she maintained her place in the front rank. On the last half mile Fanny Bailey, "the Georgia mare," who had been running in the ruck behind, came out of the crowd, and challenged for the lead, which she took, after a fine burst of speed down the quarter stretch, and won by half a length, Amy being 2d, and Zenobia 3d. Nothing else had made a stroke for the heat, if we except Friday, who got a bad start and was out of his distance the first five hundred yards.

In the Second heat the winner led off at a racing pace, the Chateau filly lying well up 2d. At the half mile post Amy outfooted her, but could not maintain her position; the Chateau filly, like Monsieur Tonson, "came agin," and headed the party, coming 1st to the stand, with Fanny 2d. The three ran lapped down the back stretch to near the turn, where they were joined by Zenobia, who made a most spirited challenge; in the desperate rally that ensued, the four ran abreast for two hundred yards, reviving associations of one of the most popular of the Olympic Games, and we have rarely seen a more exciting or beautiful spectacle. On getting into straight work in front, Zenobia shook off the other two, and locked the Chateau filly, but the latter was obliged soon after to give way to Fanny, though she recovered her place inside of the distance stand. The contest lasted all the way up to the stand, Zenobia winning by a throatlatch from the Chateau filly, while Fanny Bailey, on the opposite side of the winner, was not beaten over a head!

A new direction was now given to the betting, the field against any one being backed at large odds, though Amy was withdrawn. For the Third heat, Fanny Bailey got a bad start; the Chateau filly made play from the word "go," and carried on the running with Zoraida, who now for the first time became a competitor for the purse. At the three-quarter mile post Zoraida took the track, and led past the stand round to the head of the back stretch on the 2d mile, when Zenobia got up 2d; the pace was too good to last, thought Mr. Wilson, and he ordered Wash. to wait and "put it on a brush." Fanny Bailey accordingly took her place, but in a brush which ensued down the quarter stretch, Zenobia regained her place, though she could not reach Zoraida, who won by two lengths, the Chateau filly and Pink dropping just within the distance. Not having won a heat in three, they were of course now ruled out, so that the field comprised but three of the original seven, which came up to start for the

Fourth heat: Fanny set to work from the score, with Zenobia on her quarter, evidently bent on mischief; in making the 3d turn of the mile, Wash. pulled Zenobia back, and then went up on the inside; the two came to the stand lapped, but Fanny's rider crowding him at the turn close to the stand, Wash. was obliged to pull his mare back, and take the outside track in order to pass. The field closed going down the back stretch, and as they swung round the last turn, all three were abreast again, Zoraida having the centre track, with Fanny inside, and Zenobia outside. Each had won a heat, and it was still anybody's race. The struggle that ensued, though short and decisive, was a bloody one; claret was tapped on all hands, and whips were at work, but the Long Island mare at length came out of the *melée*, and won cleverly, after as game a race as was ever made on the course. Record:—

THURSDAY, Nov. 28—Purse $300, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's ch. f. *Zenobia*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs	*Washington.*	3	1	2	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. *Fanny Bailey*, by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs		1	3	3	2
Col. A. Flud's b. f. *Zoraida*, by Virginius, out of Gohannah by Comet, 3 y.		5	5	1	3
Powell McRa's b. f. *Pink*, by Bertrand, dam by Financier, 4 yrs		4	6	4	r.o.
Col. R. Singleton's Imp. b. f. by Chateau Margaux, out of Cuirass by Oiseau, 4 yrs		6	2	5	r.o.
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. f. *Amy the Orphan*, pedigree above, 3 yrs		2	4	dr.	
Col. J. Colclough's b. c. *Friday*, by Virginius, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs		dist.			

Time, 3:56½—3:58—4:00—3:59½.

FIFTH DAY.

On Friday, for the purse given for Mile heats, best 3 in 5, there were five entries; and the race promised so much sport, that the course was pretty well attended, notwithstanding a rain-storm, which lasted throughout the week. The contest was entirely between *Elvira*, the first favorite, and *Ellen Percy*, the placing of the horses being the same. The Georgia mare had too much foot for Ellen, who was hardly up to the mark; considering the weather and state of the track, the time was first rate. Record:—

FRIDAY, Nov. 29—Purse $200, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. *Elvira*, by Red-Gauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs	*Nathan*	1	1	1
Powell McRa's ch. m *Ellen Percy*, by Godolphin, dam by Financier, 5 yrs		2	2	2
Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. by Bertrand Junior, out of La Pucelle by Archy Montorio, 4 yrs		3	3	3
John Gist's ch. m *Thisbe*, by Bertrand, out of Ophelia, 5 yrs		4	4	dist.
J. Colclough's b. c. *Friday*, pedigree above, 4 yrs		5	5	dist

Time, 1:56—1:56—1:58. Track heavy and raining.

SIXTH DAY.

SATURDAY proved another cold, stormy day, but the rain, for a wonder, seemed to help the track; a smart shower for a week or two would make it equal to the Louisville course—possibly. A Citizens' Purse of $300, for Mile heats, having been made up for this day, there were six entries. After a very pretty race, it was decided in favor of Ellen Percy, a game looking filly of Mr. McRA's. Record:—

SATURDAY, Nov. 30—Citizens' Purse $300, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Maj. Powell McRa's ch. m. *Ellen Percy*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. *Gil. Patrick.*	4	1	1
Mr Ballard's ch. c. *Statesburg*, by Godolphin, out of Amanda, 4 yrs	1	4	2
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. f. *Compromise*, by Nullifier, out of Anti-Tariff by Tariff, 4 yrs	2	2	3
Col. John Gist's gr. m. *Almyra*,* by Eclipse, out of Betty Saunders by Stockholder, 5 yrs	3	3	dr
J. C. O'Hanlon's b. f. by Contention, out of Jane Bertrand by Bertrand, 3 yrs	dist.		
J. Colclough's b. c. *Friday*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	dist.		

Time, 1:55—1:55—1:59½. Track heavy, and raining. * Broke down.

In the course of the week a great number of mile races came off after dinner, several of which excited "a world of fun." Among "the cracks," old Cowdriver stood pre-eminent; there were a number of "singed cats" from the Piney Woods, and "crowders" from "all along shore." Seven frequently started in the same race, and we recollect one of very great interest, in which three horses ran abreast nearly half a mile; one was finally declared the winner by six inches, while it was a dead heat between the other two! Altogether, the meeting went off with the utmost *éclat*.

[From one of our Special travelling Correspondents.]

TUSCUMBIA (Ala.) FALL RACES.

TUSCUMBIA, Ala., Nov. 30, 1839.

Dear Sir,—The races over the *Franklin County Course*, commenced on Tuesday last, under the most gloomy prospects. The weather was as unfavorable as it possibly could be for racing. Owing to severe frosts, the track was in wretched order, and extremely unsafe for the horses. In consequence of the bad weather, many persons from the country did not attend. Much credit is due to the worthy proprietor, Mr. J. H. BRADFUTE, who exerted himself with unwearied zeal in having every thing arranged for the comfort and convenience of the visitors.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26, 1839—Purse $400, ent. $40, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs,; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Col. J. W. Camp's ch. c. *Bustamente*, by Whalebone, out of Sarah Dancy by Timoleon, 4 yrs *Barney.*	1	1
H. Smith's br. c. *John Marshall*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 6:46—6:44.

Bustamente the favorite at 3 to 1; he led off in both heats, was never headed, and won under a hard pull; the track heavy and very slippery.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27—Purse $300, ent. $30, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Robt. Smith's ch. f. *Polly Pillow*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	1
W. H. Turner's br. c. *Jim Boy*, by Marion, out of Bustamente's dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 4:08—4:12.

Another most disagreeable day, and the track in miserable condition Betting, 2 to 1 on Jim Boy. Polly made all the running in each heat, and won very handily, distancing the colt, who when stripped, looked stale, and entirely out of order.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28—Purse $200, ent. $20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats.

Boardman & McLaren's ch. c. *Shamrock*, by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveller, 3 yrs *Taylor Argo.*	1	1
Robt. Smith's br. f. *Day Dream*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	2	dist.
Tim'y Cooley's b. g. *Backslider*, pedigree unknown	dist.	

Time 2:08—2:15.

Betting, Shamrock against the field. The filly led for about half a mile, when the colt ran up and passed her with great ease, and won the heat in very neat style, by two or three lengths.

The second heat was an open and shut affair; Shamrock had it all his own way, and distanced his competitor with all the ease imaginable. The track fetlock deep in mud.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29—Purse $700, ent. $70, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Boardman & McLaren's ch. f. *Fanny Strong*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs *Barney.*	1	1
L. P. Cheatham's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 6 yrs	2	2
N. Terry's (W. H. Gee's) b. g. *Van Buren*, by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	3	3
Robt. Smith's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Sally Nailor by Whip Tiger, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time. 9:41—9:10.

The weather was extremely unpleasant. It rained all night, and continued to come down in torrents throughout the day; in consequence, the ground was ankle deep in mud.

Mary Wynn (not for what she is, but for what she was) was made the favorite, and ran just as well as could reasonably be expected. They all got off together; Fanny Strong drew clear in making the first turn, Mary lying next, the filly third, and Van Buren last. In this order they ran without any material change to the last round—time, 1st mile, 2:19—2d, 2:30, and 3d, 2:30. When about half a mile from home, the old mare made play and collared Fanny; they ran locked for a short distance, when Fanny shook her off without much trouble, and came in, winning the heat very cleverly by about two lengths.

Second heat.—Fanny went off with the lead, and maintained it throughout; the old mare made several desperate efforts to come up, but the filly proved too fleet for her. Barney's riding was spoken of with great admiration.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30—Purse $450, ent. $45, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Boardman & McLaren's br. f. *Maria Brown*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette by Sir Hal, 3 yrs	1	1	1
Robt. Smith's ch. f. *Old Mistress*, by Count Badger, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	2	4	2
Thos. Kirkman's ch. h. *Lantaro*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Staughton Lass by Blacklock, 5 yrs	4	3	3
L. J. Polk's ch. c. *Lynedock*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of own sister to Tennessee Oscar, 4 yrs	3	2	4

Time, 2:08—2:12—2:08.

Old Mistress was rather the favorite; she took the lead, and made severe play for about a quarter of a mile, when Maria went up, changed places with her, and continued to lead, winning the heat easily.

In the second heat Maria made all the running to the last quarter, when Lynedock made play, but the filly beat him out pretty handily.

In the third heat, Lantaro and Old Mistress sprang off both together in front, Maria getting a bad start; Old Mistress led till within about half a mile from home, when the filly challenged, and had no difficulty in disposing of her, and came home, winning hard in hand.

This makes five races which Messrs. Boardman & McLaren have won within a fortnight; two last week at Florence, and three at this place. Their success is to be attributed to the admirable condition in which Mr. HENRY, their trainer, brought his horses to the post.

OPELOUSAS (La.) FALL RACES.

OPELOUSAS, Nov. 22, 1839.

Dear Sir—I send you an account of our Jockey Club races, which commenced on the 12th inst. The meeting was quite respectable, although the epidemic, which has raged with so much violence in our town a few weeks past, prevented a great number from attending the meeting. Since our last meeting there has been a stand erected for the ladies, which was well attended, particularly the last day. If we can persuade the ladies to attend, we are sure of the gentlemen.

TUESDAY, Nov. 12, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Eight subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Taylor & Garland's gr. f. *Jane Splane*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Helen McGregor by Mercury, out of a Pallafox mare	1	1
Col. W. Offutt's b. c. by Hickory	2	dist.
Dr Geo. Hill's b. f. *Queen Victoria*, by Edward	dist.	

Time. 2:06—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13—Purse $100, ent. $15, for pure blooded Creoles or those of Spanish blood; catch weights. One mile.

J. M. Bill's b. g. *Rawhide*	1
A. Disessart's b. g. *Opelousas*	2

Time. 2:16.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $300, ent. 10 per cent., for American Creoles, or those introduced into the State before they were 18 months old; 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

J. T. Miller's ch. f. *Fairly Fair*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Peter Teazle, 3 yrs	1
T. J. & M. Well's (W. C. Martin's) ch. f. *Nancy O*, by Flag, dam by Mons. Tonson	2
J. Chambers' ch. h. *Oscar*, by Ulysses, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs	0

At the tap of the drum the first two got off, and ran round the course, the Luzborough coming in first, and the other pulling up within the distance. A majority of the Judges decided that it was no race, as they had been called back. It may be necessary to state, that according to one of the rules of our Club a flag should have been placed three or four hundred yards from the Judges' stand, so that in case of a false start, the riders might pull up; but this flag was dispensed with by the Judges, and the jockies were ordered to start at the tap of the drum, and no instructions whatever were given them to pull up. The judge chosen to tap the drum, did so when the nags were in a position to start; and they were not called back until they had run some fifty yards.

Messrs. Miller and Wells brought up their nags for a second heat, but the Judges not starting them, Mr. Miller claimed the purse, as he had taken the only heat run for. The case will be submitted to the Central Course Jockey Club for decision.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Purse $400, free for all, entrance and weights as before; Two mile heats.

J. F. Miller's ch. m. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 5 yrs	1	1
T. J. & M. Well's (Hugh Carlin's) b. h. *George Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Lawrence, 6 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:05—4:04½.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

J. F. Miller's ch. f. *Curculia*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1
J. Chambers' b. h. *Oscar*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	dist.

Time not kept.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16—Proprietor's Purse $100, ent. $20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J F. Miller's ch m. *Harpalyce*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	1	1	1
T. J & M. Wells' (W. C. Martin's) ch. f. *Nancy O*, pedigree above	3	2	2
J. Chamber's ch. h. *Oscar*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	3	dist.

Time, 2:02—2:03—2:03.

After this race there came off a match, made on the second day, for $500 a side, between the stable of Mr. W. Wikoff and Taylor & Garland's 2 yr. old Autocrat filly, Jane Splane, Mile heats, according to the rules of our Club.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $500 a side, Mile heats.

Taylor & Garland's gr. f. *Jane Splane*, pedigree above, 2 yrs	1	1
Mr. Wikoff's ch. m. *Lady Wagner*, 6 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:57½—2:01.

Won by the Autocrat under a strong pull. You will hear of this filly at New Orleans this Fall, as she goes down by the next boat.

Yours, &c. E. W. TAYLOR, *Secretary*.

TIME OF WAGNER'S RACE.

KENTUCKY, Nov. 30, 1839.

Friend P.—In your paper of October 19th appeared a very spirited and elegant letter, over the signature of "N," which has been read by many of the sporting community with great avidity and delight, both on account of the subject treated of—viz., the second great race, four mile heats, between Wagner and Grey Eagle, for the Jockey Club Purse, over the Oakland Course, on 5th of October last—and the very beautiful and animated description which it gave of said race. In perusing said letter, however, my attention was drawn to a very great error in the time of some of the miles in the second heat of that race, as reported by "N.," which does not correspond with the time of the whole heat. This error I now propose to correct, thinking that it may not only do good in the present case, but that it may be attended with a happy result hereafter, in causing our timers to be more particular, and thereby give more character to their reports, which have been hitherto so much doubted. "N." reports the time as follows:—

1st mile	1:58
2d "	1:52
3d "	1:55
4th "	1:48
Making	7:33

the time of the second heat, which shows conclusively that he has erred much in the time of some of the miles. As 1:58 for the fourth mile would make the time of the whole 7:43 (which was reported by the official timers), it is reasonable to presume that he has erred mainly, if not entirely, in the time of that mile, which his own minute description of the previous running strongly tends to demonstrate. For after having reported the first and second miles to have been run in 1:58—1:52, he represents Wagner to have been most severely driven and punished through the whole of the third mile, and the time 1.55. Now, Sir, I consider it both unreasonable and utterly impossible for *any animal, under the circumstances*, to make a fourth mile in one minute and forty-eight seconds; and I am constrained to say, *that in my opinion*, he who gives credence to any such performance knows but little of animal nature, and particularly of horse-flesh. Yours, respectfully, KENTUCKIAN.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

That there was an error in the report, is very obvious, and the explanation of a "Kentuckian" is doubtless the true one. But it was not probably the error of "N." himself. He prepared the report for us, but allowed a Louisville journal to make use of it. For convenience sake, the article was set for the "Spirit" from the printed copy, and thus were the chances of error doubled.

Again, we may presume that N. kept the time himself, and in his report of the different miles set down the time as he himself made it, but felt compelled to adopt the official time of the whole four miles, although not corresponding with his own. In any event, no report makes *Wagner's* time over 7:43 in the second heat, which is certainly one of the best races on record.

A FOX CHASE.

JIM TRALY'S NINE-PIN ALLY, Nov. 15, '39.

Mr. Editor,—Warn't you never in a Fox-chase? Don't say no; for I know you are a different feller from that altogether. Fox chasin' and trout fishin' aint hard to take mixed; and as you're a-troutin' sometimes, I hope you aint altogether clear of "goin' a-dogin" now and then.

We don't brag of having any of your red 'uns in these "diggins," and between us and the post, I wouldn't if I could; for by the time we've nailed one of these grey fellers, we're mi'ty willin' to take breakfast and dry off; for I tell you what, they slam it down for four or five hours like quarter nags. Wouldn't you say that was fun and enjoyment enough for one mornin'? I've no notion of this thing of running all day, tirin' yourself and horse down, (but you'll say for this purpose hunters are reared; but you know I told you we had a monstrous sight of cane tackeys down here,) gittin' lots of falls, and hardly even then be in at the killin'.

It aint the thing for a cotton country no how, whar' we are head over ears in det, and have to work like blazes jist to make the raw material for them we owe; poor business, I oughn't have told it.

When I set down I was goin' to give you a small sprinkle of a chase we had t'other day, but I'm most gi'n out already. I'll take a small drink and then begin. Some took it, now, for a d——n hard race, for that was onel sure. The night before the chase, five or six of us rale fox-hunters happened (?) to be in our nine-pin alley a rollin' them ar' balls. * * * * * * * Well, as I was a sayin', a monstrous rain came up, and we know'd it would be fine for a chase in the mornin'. The clearin' was the place for a start. We met old daylight thar', and our dogs soon showed symptoms of bein' on the "anxious seat." Five minutes hadn't passed before our sure trailer belched forth her welcome note, long, shrill, and sweet; the other dogs, as they went by us to join her, left nothing but red and black streaks. It seemed not only to animate dogs, men, and horses, but every moving thing on earth seemed crazed with joy and excitement. (I guess it was because we hadn't had a chase for some time, deh?) Just as the song was full noted, one feller on t'other side the thicket ripped out, "Here he goes down here." We hugged that briar patch close, I tell you, and got round just time enough to fall in the wake of them dogs, twenty-five as good as ever killed a cat, and if they didn't make noise enough, 'twas sinful the way we hope 'em out—took him strate to a big "deadnen" two miles off, every dog in a bunch, and goin' like a house burnin' up, we jist behind, goin' like puttin' out fire. We know the run of most of our foxes, and the way we keep the *fences down* at our crossin' places, is a little *private*, this time a year, anyhow; cotton's growin', and if stock gits into it, these old chaps uses us young hunters up easy. We found the fence up, and you never saw a fence "floored" quicker; our pack's cry was full, and all the time a goin'. Once landed in the "deadnen," Reynard began to try his cunning; but he couldn't sham—wasn't smart enough to fool them dogs, so after tirin' himself a smart chance, he made another break, but not till he had got a long way's start of the hounds; this time he came right out by Obe. Oh, Mr. Editor, sich cold chills, sich hol'erin', sich standin' in stirrups you never did see; my head felt like his tail looked—all the hair riz up the wrong way, and if a feller could jist holler loud enough to skear Reynard into ten thousand cocked hats, he'd squeeze his lungs and try to hol'er a *leetle* louder! He made a great rush for the open woods, made a circle of five or six miles, and nobody's dogs could have sung louder, sweeter, or more constant, than our unflinching pack, and "true as preachin'," every boy among us was right at the tail of 'em, lookin' like we were tryin' our best to run over 'em; still holding in, standing in stirrups, waving our caps, and uttering our unearthly yells, we hurried game, dogs, and all, into a devil of a briar patch. He soon found out that his chances for dodging them dogs were growin' short, and so he determined to shorten his runs; then began his bothersome windings—he had put them off too late—his tail dragged the ground, and his tongue was black with exertion, as he made his last and fearful lunge from the dogs. In this last race we came to where one of the hunters (!) had fallen, and was standing near the route; he got a small upset in the beginning of the frolic, and was mending his girth! Greenhorn, sure, or he would have went it bareback with a vengeance. This last run was over beautiful ground for our horses, a wide field, a mile in extent. We soon found he couldn't hold the start he had got, for dogs and all saw him in this stretch, and gained on him every moment, and as they neared him, those notes of joy and music, that had become frequent and well placed, became less and less so as the hounds' anxiety and proximity increased. Still, on they went, each extended bound bringing them nearer and nearer their hated victim. Their deep and intense anxiety had reached a fearful point, each note was hushed, and whoop or noise was heard, save our horses' rattling feet, and even they seemed so elated, that their bound was as swift and almost as noiseless as the fawn's. Pleasing, enthusiastic silence! what could better have broken it than the "hunters' chorus?"—a fox's squeal! Yes, Mr. Editor, we were right in that small crowd when the fox holler'd—passin' round the horn and hollerin' ourselves. Well, that'll do for one mornin's jot before a feller goes to weigh cotton, won't it, easy? We let the dogs shake him for revenge—it makes 'em determined.

Mr. Editor, if you ever trips it this way again do call, and you shall have rare sport; and if you've any singin' gal up with you, just bring her along—Car. doris, or something of that sort;—I want her to hear our *dogs* sing; she'll quit it, I know, and go her pile on 'em, sure, Yours, in a jug,

OBE. OILSTONE.

P.S. The Leviathan has arriv', and I tell you them there hosses and the AUGUSTA shine whar' I've got 'em hangin', right over the drinkin' place, the old mare before, and the gal above. She out *quarters* any of 'em as far as a feller sees.

O. O.

Blood Stock of Robt. S. Wooding, Esq.

Dear Sir,—Below I send you the pedigrees of some stock owned by me, which you will please do me the favor to record in the "Spirit of the Times," if room can be spared.

No. 1. *Mary Powell*, brown bay mare, without white, about fifteen hands high, of fine symmetry, and good racing form, foaled in 1823, the property of the late William Amis, of Northampton County, North Carolina; she was got by old Sir Archy, her dam by Rattle, called sometimes Rattler, (a son of Imp. Shark) out of Lady Legs by Imp Centinel, grandam by Jones' Wildair —Imp. Pantaloon—Miss Selden by Imp. Diomed—Symmes' Old Wildair—Imp Old Flimnap—Imp. Janus—Imp. Fearnaught—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. mare Mary Gray.

Her Produce.

1837. B. f. *Tarantula*, by Henry Tonson, (full brother to Mons. Tonson, Sir Richard, and Champion.)
1838. Ch. f. *Basilisk*, by Goliah, a son of Eclipse.
1839. B. f. *Minnow*, by Shark, a son of Eclipse. Stinted to Imp. Priam.

It may not here be improper to state that in the year 1836, I was personally informed by the late Hon. Willis Alstin, of Halifax County, North Carolina, who was for a great many years a member of Congress, that the imported mare Mary Gray, produced eleven filly foals by the Imp. horse Jolly Roger, which will account for the very great number of pedigrees tracing to mares by Imp. Jolly Roger out of Imp. mare Mary Gray. ROBT. STERLING WOODING.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 27, 1839.

JEFFERSON (Ky.) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Jefferson Agricultural Society held their first annual fair, at the Oakland Race Course on the 19th and 20th of September, when the following premiums were awarded:—

To Sherley & Birch for their imported roan bull Velocipede (imported by them) the first premium of $75.

To C. S. Clarkson, of Ohio, for his white bull Texas, by young Bolivar, out of Kitty Clover, the second premium of $25.

To Anderson & Ormsby for their imported red and white two year old bull Byron, the premium of $20.

To Lewis Sherley for his imported roan yearling bull Liverpool, the premium of $20.

To Stephen Ormsby, Jr., for his imported sucking bull calf Jefferson, the premium of $20.

To C. S. Clarkson, for his imported roan cow Minna 2nd, the premium of $50.

To Jacob Hite, for his imported white two year old heifer Ellen Long, the premium of $20.

To Stephen Ormsby, Jr., for his imported red and white yearling heifer Mary Birch, the premium of $20.

To Geo. N. Sanders, for his roan sucking heifer calf Beda, by Felix, out of Calista, the premium of $20.

To Bird Smith, for his cow Aurora, of mixed blood, the premium of $10.

To Jacob Hite, for his yearling heifer Dolly, of do., the premium of $10.

To Cheatham & Sherley, for their imported horse *Merman*, the first premium of $100.

To Robt. S. Munford, for his horse *Lafleur*, by old Sir Archy, out of old Nance by Marske, the premium of $25.

To Alex. P. Churchill, for his two year old colt *H. C. Pope*, by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy, the premium of $20.

To B. C. Stephens, for his yearling colt *Eclipse, Jr.*, by Eclipse, out of America by Tiger Whip, the premium of $20.

To F. G. Bringman, for his sucking colt *Tiberias*, by Imp. Priam, out of Fanny Wright by Silver Heels, the premium of $20.

To Lewis Sherley, for his mare *Betsy Williams*, by Sir Richard Tonson, out of Malvina by old Sir Archy, the premium of $25.

To do. do., for his sucking filly *Miss West*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Juno by old Bertrand, the premium of $20.

To do. do., for his draught stallion *Jefferson*, by Powhattan, the premium of $25.

To —— Cleaveland, for his chesnut draught mare, the premium of $15.

To J. S. Snead, for his sucking filly *Bet*, (draught) the premium of $10.

To L. N. Ross, for his gelding *Wm. Henry*, the premium of $10.

To John S. Hanna, for his *Jack Zohrab*, the premium of $10.

To D. R. Poignard for his *Jennet Amazon*, the premium of $10.

To the same for his 2 yr. old Mule, the premium of $10.

To Stephen Ormsby for his Cotswold ram Lamb, the premium of $5.

To the same for his Cotswold Ewe, the premium of $5.

To Wm. Bell for his 10 Leicester Sheep, the premium of $5.

To Geo. N. Sanders for his Berkshire boar Davy, the premium of $5.

To the same for his sow Sheba, the premium of $5.

To Green's Patent Straw Cutter, exhibited by Jacob Hite, the premium of $20.

To Dun & Hamsley for their fine specimen of a Peacock Plough manufactured by them, the premium of $10.

The above plough was presented to the Society by the maker, and sold on the ground for $13, for which liberal donation the Society tendered Messrs. D. and H. their thanks.

To Mrs. Stephen Ormsby, Jr. for the best specimen of fresh butter, the premium of $10.

To Miss Catharine Hite for the best specimen of potted butter, the premium of $10.

After the premiums had been awarded, Mr. Lewis Sherley very generously made the Society a donation of $50 of the premiums awarded him.

WM MIX, Rec. Sec'y.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY, Oct. 28.

With this Meeting terminated a season not less remarkable for its length than for the extraordinary events which have marked its progress. Without touching upon "byegones," (and they are not of the most pleasing description), it will be sufficient, with reference to the races about to be described, to take a peep at the returns, from which it will be seen that they partook less of the "hay and straw" character than usual, only one of the stakes opened for the first three days, as a proposed addition to those already made, having received the number of subscriptions necessary to make a race. The same apathy prevailed with regard to matches: instead of coming out by bundles, as in the olden time, only one was made during the same period, and for that we have partly to thank an Irish Nobleman. Horses were plentiful enough, and so, we must suppose, was money; but the spirit was wanting—nothing but public money would go down, although *that* had to be paid for in the shape of entrance money (three guineas, four guineas, five guineas, and seven guineas, according to the Plate). It may appear strange that, with such meagre fare for the early part of the Meeting, races should be made for Saturday. Last year, by the way, this was the most sporting day of the six; indeed, it frequently happens here, that after fighting shy for the greater part of the week, and starving the list into a miserable attenuated appearance, a rush is made at the finish, and the wind-up is infinitely better than the beginning. For our parts, we are inclined to "regular living"—not to a fast one day and a feast the next; but "let that pass!"

The list contained two important stakes, the Cambridgeshire and Criterion. The former is the first race run under that name on Newmarket Heath, and was made as an appropriate medium for dispensing a portion of the liberal subscription (nearly £260) placed by the inhabitants at the disposal of the Jockey Club; the acceptance was large, speculation heavy, and the appearance of horses from Ireland and Scotland, a proof that the judgment of the handicapper's and the good intentions of the townspeople were appreciated. The Cæsarewitch Stakes, it will be remembered, went to the "land of potatoes:" the Cambridgeshire has proved a rich triumph to the "land o' cakes;" their Opera, it is true, was damned, but a "dreadfully *stale*" horse pulled them through in gallant style, much to the mortification of the southrons, who did not at all relish *two* defeats from the "foreigners." The Criterion was looked upon as a certainty, so powerful was Lord G. Bentinck's lot (Grey Milton arrived per van on Sunday, in company with Sal Volatile). The result was a tit-bit for the fielders, little or nothing having been done on Gibraltar.

It was unfortunate for the town that the weather on Sunday was unfavorable in the extreme; it was scarcely less so on Monday. The arrivals, despite this drawback, included the following Noblemen, &c.:—Dukes of Rutland and Portland; Marquises of Exeter and Normanby; Lords Verulam, Jersey, Orford, J. Fitzroy, G. Bentinck, Godolphin, Lynedock, Stradbroke, C. Manners, W. Paulett, Villiers, Lichfield (and Countess), Osborne, Albemarle (and Countess), Miltown &c.; Sirs J. Shelley and S. Graham; Honorables Gen. Grosvenor, G. Byng, G Anson, G. Fitzroy, H. Rous, —— Woodhouse, and Colonel Peel; Messrs. C. Wilson (and lady), C. Greville, Payne, Irby, S. Stanley, Newton, Shelley, Newton, jun., Thornhill, Portman, Hawker, Foulis, J. Bayly, Gardnor, Worrall, Crommelin, Ramsay, Elwes, Bowes, M.P., Etwall, M. P., Rathbone, Neville, Batson, &c.

The showery state of the weather in the morning prevented the formation of the usual ring in the street, and forced all parties, who were not waterproof, under the piazzas in the coffee-room-yard. Betting, difficult as it was to penetrate the various knots of speculators congregated here and there, was nevertheless tolerably brisk on the Cambridgeshire Stakes, which underwent some rather startling fluctuations. Great eagerness was evinced to back Hetman Platoff, and at one time 7 to 4 was taken, Mickleton Maid's price at the same time being 9 to 2, at which odds Lanercost was also quoted. The Maid's friend's, however, came again, and in such force, that at the close of the betting 5 to 2 was taken about her, and the same odds offered against the horse.—No change in Lanercost. Opera averaged 9 to 1, and the Turquoise filly 15 to 1; 20 to 1 might have been obtained about each of the others. The Derby betting during the same period (from eleven o'clock till nearly half-past one), without being heavy, was sufficiently important to deserve a quotation. Wardan was backed freely at 16 to 1, at which he closed—one bet of 17 to 1 was laid, but it certainly was a point above the market price: 17, and afterwards 18 to 1 was laid against Muley Ishmael, 25 to 1 against Glenorchy, and 900 to 100 against the two (afterwards offered). Lucetta opened at 40 to 1, and the Marinella colt at 50 to 1; each was backed with some spirit, and rose five points; 40 to 1 was taken several times about Sir G. Heathcote's Bokhara, (the favorite of the four in training), and 1;000 to 30 two or three times about Maroon. The closing prices were—

9 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's lot
16 to 1 —— Wardan (taken)
18 to 1 —— Muley Ishmael
25 to 1 —— Glenorchy (taken)
28 to 1 —— Bro. to Euclid (taken)
33 to 1 —— Grey Milton

33 to 1 agst Maroon
35 to 1 —— Lucetta colt (taken)
40 to 1 —— Gambia (taken)
40 to 1 —— Bro. to Melbourne (tk)
45 to 1 —— Marinella colt (taken)
50 to 1 —— Amadou colt (taken)

The betting and the rain ceased at the same time, and a very large and fashionable company was gratified with a good day's sport, with no other annoyances than those which arose from a cold wind and (the curse of two-year-old races) false starts. We subjoin a sketch of the running:—

The *Cambridgeshire Stakes* of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, and only 5, &c., with 100 sovs added by the inhabitants of Newmarket and the neighborhood; the last mile and a distance of B.C.; the winner of the Cæsarewitch Stakes to carry 7lb extra; 55 subs, of whom 21 declared.

Mr. Ramsay's *Lanercost*, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb	M. Noble	1
Mr. Bowes' Hetman Platoff, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	Nat	2
Mr. Bowes' Mickleton Maid, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb	C. J. Edwards	3
Mr. Howe's Scamander, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb	Mann	0
Mr. Watt's Cara, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb	Conelly	0
Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver, 5 yrs, 7st 6lb	Chapple	0
Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Opera, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb	Lye	0
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb	Pettit	0
Mr. W. Graydon's b. c. Roscius, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb	Cotton	0
Mr. Forth's f. by Merchant, out of Turquoise, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb	A lad	0
Duke of Rutland's b. f. Revoke, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb	Stag	0
Mr. I. Day's Science, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb	Howlett	0

The following statement of the odds at the close will show little variation from those last quoted in the town:—5 to 4 on Mr. Bowes' two, 9 to 4 agst. Mickleton Maid, 5 to 2 agst Hetman Platoff, 9 to 2 agst. Lanercost, 8 to 1 agst. Opera (no backers), 100 to 7 agst. Science (taken), and 20 to 1 agst. any other. The best part of half an hour was frittered away in false starts, nearly all of them having arisen from the waywardness of Revoke, who, five or six times in succession, bolted to the left, and made a circle of at least a quarter of a mile on each occasion; we would recommend her to Mr. Ducrow; one or two others took a fancy for the turnpike-road in the first start, but were brought under control, and behaved "pretty" in those that followed. The final start was effected in good order, Scamander, Opera, and Cara taking the front, with the ruck well laid up; at the end of the A. F. course, Scamander, finding that he had "presumed beyond his last," dropped into the rear, where he found a worthy companion in the Turquoise filly, who had proved herself anything but a *gem* of the first quality. Lanercost now took up the running at a strong pace, followed by Mickleton Maid, Revoke, Hetman Platoff, Bosphorus, Quicksilver, and two or three others, lying in good places, but very wide of each other; this remark applies especially to Hetman Platoff, who was running close to the rails, quite away from his horses. At the Duke's Stand Mickleton Maid was displaced by Hetman, and this was the only movement worthy of notice, as Lanercost maintained his lead to the end, and won cleverly by a length, the same space separating Mr. Bowes' two. Quicksilver was two or three lengths behind the mare, and was followed in by Bosphorus; the ruck succeeded, but it would be absurd to assign positions, as most of the jockies were stopping their horses when they passed the post; we *may* add, however, that the Turquoise filly was many lengths astern, and that Scamander was the "Billy Holmes" of the race. The result would appear to bear out the opinions so often expressed with respect to the Doncaster St. Leger and Cup, viz., that Hetman Platoff would have been dangerous in the first, and that Lanercost ought to have won the other.

The *Criterion Stakes* of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two year olds, colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 5lb; from the Turn of the Lands in; a winner of the July, Clearwell, or Prendergast Stakes, to carry 7lb, or of any two of those Stakes, 9lb extra; all other winners previously to the day of running to carry 2lb extra; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake; 44 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. *Crucifix*, by Priam (9lb extra)	J. Day, jun.	0
General Yates' b. c. Gibraltar, brother to Tarick	Nat	0
Lord Albemarle's Olive branch, by Plenipo, out of Ally	Cotton	0
Lord G. Bentinck's gr c. Grey Milton, bro. to Grey Momus	J. Day	0
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Capote, by Velocipede	W. Day	0
Lord Exeter's Brother to Alemdar (Marinella colt)	Darling	0
Mr. Greatrex's b. f. Pocahontas, by Glencoe, out of Marpessa	Robinson	0
Mr. Wadeson's c. by Buzzard, out of Margaret	Rogers	0
Colonel Peel's ro. c. by Augustus, out of Constantia	Pavis	0

The betting on the Heath opened at 7 to 2 and 4 to 1 on Crucifix, and, at the breaking up of the ring, was 3 to 1 on her (takers)—(5 to 2 was afterwards taken in two or three quarters); 8 to 1 was offered agst. Gibraltar (no backers), and 8, 10, 12, and 18 to 1 agst. Grey Milton; what his actual price was we cannot state, for while one party was taking 8 to 1, another was offering 10 to 1, and a third 100 to 6; we may average him at 12 to 1. The horses did not reach the post until half an hour beyond the appointed time; the wind was then getting cold, and the company seemed to have agreed that the sooner the race was over the better; their patience, however, was put to a rather severe test; Crucifix was not in the humor to start; like some greyhounds, she turned "cunning," caused several false starts, and the waste of half an hour, before "young John" could prevail on her to go to the scratch; even then she managed to get the worst start of the lot. Start, however, she did, and the race commenced by Pocahontas (a puzzling name to some of the folks in the ring) taking the lead, followed by Gibraltar and the ruck, nor did we observe any shifting of places until the Duke's Stand was reached; Crucifix then took up the running, followed for a few strides by Pocahontas, and then by Gibraltar, who waited at her quarters to the cords, looking so well, that those who had calculated on his "cough just before starting," must have felt rather uncomfortable; at the cords he made it worse by reaching the mare's head, and finally delighted the non-fielders by making it a dead heat. Pocahontas was a very middling third, Brother to Alemdar fourth, Grey Milton fifth, Olive-branch sixth, Margaret colt seventh, Colonel Peel's eighth, and Capote last; most of them were stopped before they passed the post. Lord G. Bentinck and General Yates afterwards agreed to divide the stakes, and Crucifix walked over.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each; D. M.; four subs.

Duke of Rutland's *Flambeau*, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	Robinson	1
Colonel's Peel's I-am-not-aware, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb	Pavis	2
Lord Miltown's Medea, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb	Conelly	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Flambeau. I-am-not-aware went away with the lead, followed closely by Medea, Flambeau lying behind with waiting orders; half-way up the cords he "came," and won cleverly by a length; Medea was beaten as far from the second.

Match, 100, h. ft.; 8st 7lb each; A. F.

Colonel Anson's *Zimmerman* .... rec'd ft.
From Lord Lichfield's Vernon.

EVENING BETTING.

The only novelty in the betting after the races was the outlay of six or seven thousand pounds against Crucifix for the Oaks at 1000 to 400, *not* P.P.; what her P.P. price was we could not learn—5 to 2 only was bid, and no one offered to take less than 4 to 1. The Derby prices were—

7 to 2 agst Scott's lot
9 to 1 —— Lord Jersey's lot
15 to 1 —— Lord Exeter's lot
33 to 1 —— Lucetta (taken 3 times)

33 to 1 agst Maroon
35 to 1 —— Lady Sarah colt (tk)
50 to 1 —— Amadou (taken)
Offers to take 40 to 1 about Bokhara

ST. LEGER.
500 to 25 agst Gibraltar (taken)

TUESDAY, Oct. 29.

There was nothing in the shape of rain to mar the pleasures of the day, but a strong cold wind from the north-east was scarcely less annoying; this, however, did not interrupt the proceedings of those bent on business, whatever it may have done with others who frequent the race-course with no other intention than to gratify a favorite propensity. In the town, after a somewhat tedious settling on the Cambridgeshire Stakes, Derby betting commenced with some spirit, and lasted until nearly half-past one. Wardan, St. Andrew, Angelica, Glenorchy, Maroon, Lady Sarah, and Lucetta were in much request at the odds subjoined; Gambia, Morgan Rattler, and some other outsiders were also backed, the prices, in most cases, remaining at the former quotations. The closing odds were—

16 to 1 agst Wardan (taken)
16 to 1 —— Muley Ishmael
4000 to 200 —— St. Andrew (taken)
1000 to 50 —— Angelica colt (tk twice)
2250 to 100 —— Glenorchy (taken)
1500 to 50 —— Lady Sarah colt (taken two or three times)
1000 to 30 —— Lucetta colt (t 4 times)
2000 to 50 —— Maroon (2000 to 60 also taken)

1000 to 20 agst Morgan Rattler (taken 7 times)
1000 to 20 —— Datura's dam (taken)
1000 to 20 —— Gambia (taken)
5000 to 100 —— Marinella colt (taken)
1000 to 10 —— Grey Milton (taken—50 to 1 was also taken)
6000 to 9 —— Snoozer (taken)
600 to 500 on Launcelot agst Angelica (tk)
7 to 2 offered agst Scott's lot

OAKS.
We were told that 18 to 1, in hundreds, had been betted agst Currency.

ST. LEGER.
20 to 1 agst Gibraltar (taken)

The racing commenced at two o'clock with a

Match, 25 sovs, 10 ft.; first half of Ab. M.

Hon. G. S. Byng's *Garry Owen*, by St. Patrick, 8st 7lb	Pavis	1
Mr. Greville's Trojana, 8st 5lb	Nat	2

7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Garry Owen, who made all the running, and won easy by a length and a half.

Fifty Pounds, for two year olds a feather, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb, four 8st 9lb, five 9st 3lb, six and aged 9st 7lb; the winner, with his engagements, to be sold for 300 guineas, &c.; last three miles of B.C.

Lord G. Bentinck's *Sal Volatile*, by Augustus, 2 yrs	Howlett	1
Mr. T. Hussey's b. f. Roxana, sister to Red Rose, 2 yrs	A lad	2
Mr. Pettit's Miss Romer, 2 yrs	Stirling	3
Lord Albemarle's Cambyses, 2 yrs	C. Cotton	4
Lord Exeter's Adrian, 5 yrs	Darling	5
Lord Stradbroke's Algy, 2 yrs	Bell	6

Betting: 4 to 1, and at the close 5 to 2 against Adrian (taken), 5 to 2 against Algy, and 7 to 2 agst. Sal Volatile (taken). After rearing, plunging, and falling (twice), till he nearly cracked his little Bell (the *Ascot* Bell), Algy, without paying the slightest regard to the wishes of his feather, jumped off at the top of his speed, and kept it up so merrily that at the ditch he must have been nearly one hundred yards in advance; from this point he gradually lost ground, and at the swamp his reign was over. Sal Volatile took his place, with Cambyses and Miss Romer in waiting to the turn of the lands, where they also gave way, and Roxana passed them; no other change occurred; Sal Volatile increased her advantage in the run up the Criterion Course, and won in a canter by six lengths; the others were distributed all over the course, and went by the post intermixed with spectators; the winning jockey weighed 4st. 4lb., including his saddle.

Handicap Plate of 100 sovs; D.I.

Lord Lichfield's c. by Actæon, out of Wings, 3 yrs, a feather	Howlett	1
Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabel, 6 yrs, 9st	Conelly	2
Lord Jersey's Joannina, 4 yrs, 7st 1 lb	Cotton	3
Duke of Portland's St. Peray, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb	Manning	4
Lord Eglinton's Opera, 4 yrs, 7st 1 lb	Lye	5
Lord Exeter's Adrian, 5 yrs, 6st 12lb	Pettit	6

Betting: 5 to 2 against Joannina, 7 to 2 against Opera, 4 to 1 against Wings colt (taken), 3, and afterwards 5 to 1 against St. Peray, and 5 to 1 against Mendizabel. St. Peray and the Wings colt went off in front, the former leading to the new ground, where they changed places; they kept company to the Duke's stand, where Joannina challenged the pair, and succeeded in displacing St. Peray a few strides beyond it. Mendizabel headed Joannina, but was not able to reach the Wings colt, who won cleverly by a length; Joannina, more by sufferance than merit, was within half a length of the old horse; St. Peray was five or six lengths behind, and the others tailed off.

Betting in the evening:—

NURSERY STAKES.

9 to 4 agst Garry Owen (taken)
10 to 3 —— Assassin
9 to 2 —— St. Nicholas (taken)

7 to 1 agst Little Wonder (taken)
8 to 1 —— Constantia colt (taken)

DERBY.

16 to 1 agst Wardan (taken to 200)
16 to 1 —— Muley Ishmael
17 to 1 —— Launcelot (taken to 50)

1000 to 25 agst Maroon (taken)
1000 to 15 —— Marinella

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30

Much to our surprise the speculation this morning, instead of embracing the Nursery Stakes and Derby, almost entirely excluded both; nothing would go down but the Handicap Plate, for which, after some fluctuations, the odds were as follows:

2 to 1 agst Dey of Algiers (taken)
5 to 2 —— Æther
5 to 1 —— Quo Minus

6 to 1 agst Mickleton Maid
7 to 1 —— Æther

The betting before starting varied in a very slight degree from these prices.

DERBY.

19 to 1 was taken to three hundred pounds about St. Andrew, 33 to 1 about Brother to Melbourne, and 1000 to 20 about Morgan Rattler.

The following racing stock was sold between 12 and 1 o'clock:—

Chincilla, 5 yrs, by Camel, out of Memina, covered by Emilius	200gs
Young Maniac, 13 yrs, (Confusionee's dam,) by Tramp; covered by Merchant	130
Madelina, sister to Neva: covered by Bizarre	25
Flora, by Partisan, out of Fatima; covered by St. Patrick	60
Colt foal by Clearwell, out of Liska	67
Filly foal, sister to Confusionee	16

The first race was fixed for half-past one o clock, and about that time the horses reached the post; Stamboul, however, was not "i' the vein," and full an hour was wasted in fruitless endeavors to effect a start. In the meantime the wind, which was blowing with ten-horse power, dislodged divers hats, much to the annoyance of the victims, and not a little to the amusement of the spectators, who were glad of something to increase the circulation. At length, after some false starts, the horses were set "a going" for a

Subscription Plate of 50 sovs, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb, and 3 yrs, 8st 10lb; T.Y.C.; the winner to be sold for 350, &c.

Mr. Dixon's *Camelino*, 3 yrs	Nat	1
Mr. Sigworth's Muleteer, 2 yrs	Stag	2
Mr. Worrall's Maid of Ipswich, 2 yrs	Bartholomew	3
Mr. W. Edwards' Remnant, 2 yrs	Cotton	4
Lord Exeter's Stamboul, 2 yrs	Pettit	5
Duke of Grafton's Mist, by Vanish, 2 yrs	Hall	6

Betting: 7 to 4 on Camelino, and 4 to 1 against Remnant. The front, for nearly the whole of the distance, was composed of Maid of Ipswich (leading), Muleteer, and Remnant, Camelino behind in reserve; just before the cords he reached their quarters, and they ran together half way up them; he then went away and won easy by a length; Remnant was well up, Stamboul fifth, and Mist last, beaten off. The winner was claimed.

Match, 100 sovs; first half of Ab. M.

Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. *Capote*, 7st 4lb	W. Day	1
Lord Miltown's Medea, 8st 4lb	Conelly	2

The betting commenced at 7 and finished at 5 to 4 on Capote. The mare made the running to the ropes, where the favorite headed her, and went past the post, a winner by a clear length.

Handicap Plate of 100 sovs; A.F.

Duke of Grafton's *Æther*, 3 yrs, 8st	Nat	1
Mr. Ford's Quo Minus, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb	Robinson	2
Mr. Graydon's Roscius, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb	Pettit	3
Mr. Worrall's Antler, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb	Howlett	4
Mr. Bowes' Mickleton Maid, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb	Cotton	5
Col. Peel's The Dey of Algiers, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb	Pavis	6

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Æther, 5 to 2 agst The Dey of Algiers, 9 to 2 agst Quo Minus, 11 to 2 agst Mickleton Maid, and 7 to 1 agst Antler. Roscius and Antler cut out the work to the bushes, where Quo Minus and Æther singled themselves out, the former leading; they kept so half-way up the cords, where they set to, and Æther, after a good race, won by half a length. The Dey of Algiers and Mickleton Maid were tailed off.

Betting in the evening:—

NURSERY STAKES.

2 to 1 agst Garry Owen (taken)
9 to 2 —— Assassin
5 to 1 —— Nicholas (taken)
5 to 1 —— Little Wonder

12 to 1 agst Constantia (taken)
13 to 2 —— Ten Pound Note and Miss Romer (taken)

DERBY.

16 to 1 agst Wardan (taken)
18 to 1 —— Launcelot (taken)
18 to 1 —— Muley Ishmael
20 to 1 —— St. Andrew

25 to 1 agst Bro. to Euclid (tk to £100)
30 to 1 —— Lucetta (33 to 1 taken)
33 to 1 —— Bokhara

OAKS.

10 to 3 agst Currency
11 to 1 —— Lalla Rookh

12 to 1 agst Currency

THURSDAY, Oct. 31.

The Derby monopolized all the betting previous to the race, and was not by any means brisk; the following is a summary of it:—

3400 to 200 agst Wardan (taken)
1800 to 100 —— Angelica (taken)
2000 to 100 —— Launcelot (taken)
2100 to 100 —— St. Andrew (taken)

30 to 1 agst Lucetta colt (taken)
33 to 1 —— Maroon (3 or 4 times)
1000 to 20 —— Isaac of York (taken)
1000 to 20 —— Molineux (taken)

OAKS.
7 to 2 offered agst Crucifix.

At the J. C. rooms on Wednesday night about two thousand was laid on the match between Camelino and Bosphorus, at 5 to 4 on the former.

The list for the day contained nothing very attractive, but it offered "confirmation strong" of an introductory observation to Monday. Six matches appeared for Friday, in addition to the Nursery and Audley End Stakes, and another for Saturday; one previously made between Roscius and Capote, for that day, having ended in a forfeit from the Irish nag.

The sale had little to attract purchasers; the only lots actually sold were Obelisk, 3 yrs., 63 guineas; a yearling filly, by Maple, out of Careful, 42 gs.; a two year old colt, by Agreeable, 49 gs.; and a two year old filly, by Buzzard, dam by Saracen, 28 gs.

The severity of the cold had a visible effect on the attendance, which was less numerous than fashionable; few, we believe, regretted that the racing was of short duration. The following are the returns:

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, h. ft.; for two year old colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb; T.Y.C.; 4 subs.

Mr. Greville's c. *Proteus*, by Cetus, out of Peggy	Nat	1
Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan, out of Palais Royal	Darling	2

The betting commenced at 6 to 4 on Proteus, changed to the same odds on the mare, and closed at evens and 11 to 10 on Proteus. The colt made all the running, and won by a length; Nat, however, looked "three parts afraid" to move upon him.

Subscription Handicap Plate of £50; D.I.

Lord Jersey's *Joannina*, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb	Robinson	1
Mr. Shelley's The Drama, 3 yrs, 6st	Cotton	2
Lord Exeter's Adrian, 5 yrs, 7st 6lb	A lad	3
Lord Jersey's Feather, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb	Howlett	4
Duke of Rutland's Revoke, 3 yrs, 7st	Pavis	5
Duke of Portland's St. Peray, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb (bolted)	Nat	6

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Feather, 3 to 1 agst Joannina, 5 to 1 agst Revoke, 5 to 1 agst The Drama, 6 to 1 agst St. Peray (taken), and 6 to 1 agst Adrian. Feather took an awful "lead," The Drama following many lengths astern; the space betwixt them was materially lessened, but the order of running was unchanged till the son of Wings reached the Duke's Stand, where he gave up the ghost. The Drama went on with the running, followed by Adrian, Joannina waiting on them; fifty yards from home the latter challenged The Drama, and won by half a length, with nothing to spare; it was only by constant nursing from the turn of the land in that this consummation was effected. Adrian, who was gammoned with a trial jacket instead of the blue and white stripes, looked as if he *meant* running, and was a passable third; Feather was a bad fourth; Revoke was pulled up long before she reached the post; and St. Peray, after taking a strong fancy to the ditch, bolted before he had run a quarter of a mile.

A *Sweepstakes* of 50 sovs each, h. ft, for two year olds, colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb; Ab. M.; 19 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. *Capote*, by Velocipede	W. Day	1
Lord G. Bentinck's gr. g. Grey Milton, bro. to Grey Momus	J. Day	2
Mr. Knight's c. by Buzzard, out of Margaret	Robinson	3
Mr. Greville's Proteus, by Cetus	Nat	4

Betting: 5 to 1 on Lord G. Bentinck's two, and 6 to 1 agst Proteus. Lord G. Bentinck declared to win with Capote. The Buzzard colt made all the running, the two blue jackets waiting on him to the cords, where they went up; after a pretty race the chesnut *did* win by half a length, and the grey *might* have won but for the declaration; the Buzzard colt was beaten a length from the winner, but time did not permit us to inquire what became of Proteus. Crucifix was in this sweepstakes, but was reported to be "off" with a sore mouth.

A *Sweepstakes* of 10 sovs each, for two year old colts 7st, three 8st 12lb, fillies allowed 2lb; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs, &c.; T.Y.C.; 6 subs.

Mr. J. Rogers' *Miss Hawk*, 3 yrs	Rogers	1
Mr. Pettit's Miss Romer, 2 yrs	Pettit	2
Lord Lynedoch's Retamosa, 3 yrs	Stephenson	3
Lord Lichfield's Sister to Hector, 2 yrs	Cotton	4
Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan, out of Palais Royal, 2 yrs	Nunn	5
Mr. Rayner's Miss Betsy, 2 yrs	Howlett	6

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Retamosa, 3 to 1 agst Miss Hawk, and 4 to 1 agst Sister to Hector. Retamora took the lead, followed by Sister to Hector to the cords, where the latter died away, and the Misses Hawk and Romer went up; half way up them Miss Hawk pounced upon poor Miss Romer, spoiled her singing, and flew past the post, a winner by three quarters of a length. Retamosa was a capital third, and Sister to Hector a "shocking bad" fourth; of the other two, and they were well matched, the less said the better. The winner was claimed.

Betting in the evening:—

NURSERY STAKES.

5 to 2 agst Garry Owen
3 to 1 —— Nicholas

9 to 2 agst Assassin
5 to 1 —— Little Wanderer (tk)

DERBY.

18 to 1 agst Wardan (taken to £100)
20 to 1 —— Launcelot (tk)
30 to 1 —— Lucetta colt (tk)
35 to 1 —— Bokhara (taken to £100)

1000 to 30 agst Grey Milton and Capote (tk)
40 to 1 —— Grey Milton (tk)
45 to 1 —— Marinella colt

1000 to 500 on Lucetta agst Marinella (tk)
100 even between Grey Milton and Maroon (laid twice)
Offers to back Glenorchy even agst Muley Ishmael, and to take 13 to 1 about Lord Exeter's lot (taken)

FRIDAY, Nov. 1.

The racing, according to the approved fashion of waiting to the last, was plentiful enough this afternoon, and the weather fine, but still exceedingly cold. Several parties, not relishing the appearance of the list for Saturday, quitted the heath for town, others, buoyed up with the hope that the handicaps would fill, and fresh matches turn up, remained, and were disappointed; the handicaps did not fill, and the easterly wind, or something else, chilled the short-lived spirit of match-making; in short there was no race.

The following is a return of the events decided this day between the hours of eleven and half-past three.

The *Audley End Stakes* of 30 sovs each, for three yr. olds and upwards A.E.C.; 8 subs, three of whom paid 10 sovs each.

Col. Peel's *The Dey of Algiers*, 3 yrs, 7st	Pavis	1
Lord Jersey's Joannina, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb	E. Edwards	2
Lord Lichfield's Feather, 3 yrs, 6st	Howlett	3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Joannina (tk), 2 to 1 agst The Dey of Algiers, and 4 to 1 agst Feather. The running was made by The Dey of Algiers to the Ab. M. bottom, where Feather, who had been following, "closed his account," and was seen no more. Near the Duke's Stand Joannina took up the running, and appeared to be winning, but the Dey came again, half way between it and the chair, headed her, and won cleverly by a length.

Match, 25 sovs, 10 ft.; D.M.

Col. Peel's ro. c. by Augustus, out of Constantia, 2 yrs, 7st	Pavis	1
Mr. Shelley's The Drama, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	Wakefield	2

Betting: 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on the colt. The Drama made play to the cords, where the two year old went up, and defeated her easily by a length.

Match, 50 sovs, h. ft.; first half of Ab. M.

Mr. Greville's *Trojana*, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb	Nat	1
Lord Lichfield's Sister to Hector, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	Wakefield	2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Trojana, who won easy by a length, after a short, quick-run race.

Match, 50 sovs, h. ft.; D.M.

Mr. Bowes' *Mickleton Maid*, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb	Nat	1
Col. Peel's The Dey of Algiers, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	Pavis	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on The Dey of Algiers. The mare made running about half-way, when the Dey went up and they ran head and head two or three hundred yards; the horse then got his neck in front, and appeared to have the race in hand, but stopt close on the post, and was beaten by a neck.

The *Nursery Stakes* of 25 sovs each, for two year olds; D.M.; 8 subs.

Mr. W. Edwards' *Assassin*, by Taurus, 6st 10lb	Cotton	1
Mr. Robertson's Little Wonder, 7st 4lb	Crouch	2
Col. Anson's Nicholas, 7st 12lb	E. Edwards	0
Mr. Rayner's Ten Pound Note, 7st 7lb	F. Butler	0
Mr. Byng's Garry Owen, 7st 4lb	Pavis	0
Col. Peel's ro. c. by Augustus, out of Constantia, 7st 2lb	Nat	0
Lord Exeter's Raymond, 6st 10lb	Pettit	0
Mr. Pettit's Miss Romer, 6st 8lb	A lad	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Garry Owen, 7 to 2 agst Assassin, 4 to 1 agst Little Wonder (tk), and 9 to 2 agst Nicholas (tk) Garry Owen took the lead, the others following him so closely that we were unable to ascertain which laid second. At the T.Y.C. post, Assassin took up the running with Little Wonder in attendance, and so they finished, the former winning cleverly by a length. Ten Pound was third. Colonel Peel's colt fourth (both well up), Garry Owen fifth, Miss Romer sixth, Raymond seventh, and Nicholas eighth; the last three beaten off.

Match, 100 sovs, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's *Bosphorus*, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	Mann	1
Mr. Dixon's Camelino, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	Nat	2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Camelino (tk). Bosphorus made all the running and won by half a length. The betting was very heavy.

Match, 25 sovs; 8st 7lb; D.M.

Duke of Rutland's *Flambeau*, 3 yrs	Robinson	1
Duke of Portland's Polydorus, 3 yrs	J. Day	2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Flambeau, who waited the first quarter of a mile, made running the remainder of the distance, and won by ten lengths.

Match, 30 sovs, h. ft.; first half of Ab. M.

Lord G. Bentinck's *Capote*, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb	W. Day	1
Col. Peel's f. by Velocipede, out of Malibran, 2 yrs, 7st 3lb	Pavis	2

Betting: 6 to 5 on Capote. The filly had the lead to the cords, where Capote ran by her and won by half a length.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for two year olds: colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 5lb; winner to be sold for 50 sovs if demanded, &c.; first half of Ab. M.; 5 subs.

Mr. E. Peel's *Negus*, by Bedlamite	Nat	1
Mr. Rayner's Miss Betsy	J. Butler	2
Col. Peel's f. by The Colonel, out of Mary Ann	Pavis	3

Betting: The Colonel filly was backed freely at the commencement of the betting, but on Colonel Peel declaring to win with Negus, the odds changed to 5 to 4 agst The Colonel filly (tk), and 6 to 4 agst Negus (tk). The latter was never headed, and won in a canter by three lengths.

Match, 100 sovs, h. ft.; first half of Ab. M.

Lord G. Bentinck's *Sal Volatile*, 7st .... rec'd ft.
From Lord Lichfield's Sister to Hector, 8st 7lb.

Latest Derby Betting:—

17 to 1 agst Wardan
18 to 1 —— Angelica
20 to 1 —— Launcelot (taken)
20 to 1 —— Either of Lord Jersey's
20 to 1 —— St. Andrew
25 to 1 —— Bro. to Euclid (tk to 100)
28 to 1 —— Lucetta (tk)

33 to 1 agst Bokhara (taken)
30 to 1 —— Little Wonder and Assassin (taken)
40 to 1 —— Grey Milton (tk)
40 to 1 —— Datura's dam (tk)
1000 to 15 —— Velvet colt (tk)

200 even between Bonnet Rouge and Dreadnought.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2.

Match, 50 sovs, h. ft.; first half of Ab. M.

Lord G. Bentinck's Sal Volatile, 8st 5lb .... } off by consent.
Col. Peel's f. by Velocipede, out of Malibran, 7st 6lb .... }

Match, 100 sovs, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Lord G. Bentinck's *Capote*, 7st 2lb .... rec'd 40 sovs.
From Mr. Graydon's Roscius, 8st 7lb.

Bell's Life in London.

Agricultural.

On Breeding and Rearing Horses for Agricultural Purposes.

BY WM. WILLIAMS.

The No. for June 1st offers premiums for the first and second best essays "on the subjects of breeding and rearing horses for agricultural purposes." The writers are laid under no restrictions as to the mode of discussion, or the breeds they may choose to advocate. An agricultural paper could not be expected to have been more liberal. A dissertation on the blood and proportions, and breeding, rearing, and training the turf race-horse, or the stouter built, but not much less blood-like, roadster, hunter, or war-horse, which the advance of modern times has introduced, might not have suited the tastes of a majority of your readers. You are aware, however, that by placing an interdict on the turf, the camp, the field, and the road, you damp the ardor of your writers, and strip the horse of his glory. The plough and cart horse is a mere utilitarian, and ploughing and carting, however the poets may have embellished them in song, are known by the *Workies* to be plain fact matters, and effectually achieved by the due and continued application of bone and sinew. There evidently is no fancy in the affair to the man who holds the handles and guides the team. There is, however, ample room for the exercise of much practical good sense in pointing out the best method of breeding, raising, breaking, and working farming horses to the best advantage. The profits of agricultural operations generally are moderate, and, managed as they are in many instances, loss is incurred. Most breeders of animals, it is apprehended, receive but a very inadequate compensation for their time and attention, and money expended. It ought not so to be, and that it does not result necessarily, but from the want of proper care and judgment in breeding and raising. They follow what has been not inaptly called the hap hazard mode, by putting any sort of a female to any sort of a male, without regard to qualities; and in raising they are so stinted and starved as to warp and destroy whatever little of good form and constitution they may have accidentally brought into the world with them. These seem to act without object, except that they know a horse is a horse, and a steer a steer, and that the colt was got for a barrel of corn and the calf gratis, and they have saved their money.

The business of breeding animals, in modern times, is said to be a science. It has not been, however, and probably never will be reduced to exactness. Dame nature, in her operations, delights to display endless varieties. But certain rules have been laid down by the observance of which we may reasonably expect to approximate certainty. "Like beget like," is the leading rule. It not only has its exceptions, but it must be understood with limitation. Select a horse and a mare, such as you want, or as near as you can find, the produce of their conjunction may resemble the sire, or the dam, or neither; but it may have an intermediate form, or may take after some remote ancestor; and if the remote ancestors were indifferent, or positively bad, the chances will be against the rule, in proportion to the number of worthy progenitors. It should be enjoined on beginners, therefore, 1st. To select good animals to start upon, where no better evidence can be had. 2d. But where it can to select them from good families. In England, where more attention has been paid to the breeding and rearing the blood horse, than in any other country, they have arrived at extraordinary size, and power, and endurance; and it has been done by combining the Arab, Barb, and Turk, and developing the bone and muscle of the new race by generous feed and judicious exercise. There no one thinks of breeding a racer from a mare who has not at least five pure crosses. And many of their distinguished mares can number double the amount, landing on a royal, or other Arabian or Barb mare. There is something in the blood that gives family distinction, though the blood may not tell in particular individuals, either from mismanagement, or accident, or from some defect in constitution or form. A third rule requires that they be crossed; in other words, that we avoid coupling together near relatives. The more remote the families probably the better; but after prohibiting the intercourse of sire and daughter, brother and sister, beyond these we may probably be permitted to use our judgment in selecting the requisite forms. Some of the double Januses were very well proportioned, but they were very small. The double Archys evidently show a falling off. But Wagner, by Sir Charles, out of a Marion, is thought to be among the good ones. And we need not look for a better than Highflyer, his dam by Blank, got by Regulus, both sons of the Godolphin Arabian.

There are some subordinate rules, that in the thorough-bred studs should be well considered. 1. Certain families cross better than others, all being good. 2. Certain individuals cross better than other individuals. 3. And certain individuals breed better than other individuals. Herod and Eclipse were extraordinary racers and stallions, and were of good families, and they crossed well upon other good families. But the union of their bloods was rather transcendant, and were we to select from the best of Eclipse's sons, we should take these—Benningbrough, Waxy, and Gohanna, all out of Herod mares, and Hamiltonian, out of a Highflyer, a son of Herod. Sir Archy and Eclipse, of Long Island, are both good stallions, and their blood is thought to cross well, but the blood of Eclipse and Rattler, son of Sir Archy, "kicks." These last rules are to be learned by practice only. Who can assign the reason why Rattler's immediate descendants have not shown his worth? In them it is measurably dominant, but it is shining with resplendent lustre in Mingo and Job, of the second generations. And of Job it was hardly to have been expected, as he combines an unusual proportion of Diomed and Sir Archy blood, being bred very much "in and in."

The thorough-bred horse, standing evidently and acknowledgedly in the first rank, and the rules for breeding and raising him being "considered and freely understood," a variety suited to a particular purpose is to be produced by considering the proportions wanted, and the families and individuals from which such properties are most likely to be inherited. Were the thorough-breds equally numerous, and bred and raised at the same, or nearly the same cost, I would say without hesitation, and so would every one who understands his interest, put the thorough-breds to work. Eclipse, or Rattler, or Tranby, or Mingo, or Job, if put to it in their prime, would have done more work than any inferior bred horses of their size. In June or July, blood will tell as promptly in the corn-field as on the race course. My best breds always then take the lead. But the above, and such as the above, are not accessible to farmers generally; the price forbids. What then is to be done? In this glorious land of liberty, every one who has the means does as he pleases, and I only wish, I can scarcely hope, that some individuals, or companies, or agricultural societies, would import a bay Turk, a bay Barb, and a Cleveland bay, and a bay dray, or draught horse. The Cleveland bays are said to be almost uniformly of bay color and universally gentle in harness. I have seen a few matches from the North, apparently half-breds, excellent in harness, of the desired size and shape.

Draught horses, perhaps equal to any, might be had in Virginia or Pennsylvania. The stock should all be selected by a competent judge of horse flesh, and the two coarser kinds should be chosen not only with a view to their own stoutness, but family stoutness and gentleness at work, and with a scrutinizing eye to their hoofs and pasterns. Brittle horn, gumby ancles, or tendency to grease in the heals should be an insurmountable objection to a horse however perfect in other respects. We would of course have to choose the temper of the Barbs and Turks, though a man thoroughly conversant with horses can from certain indications form a tolerable correct estimate of their tempers. A person but moderately acquainted would be able to know that Belshazzar was quiet, and that St. Giles was "queer." The mares to be selected, should be well bred, of bay or brown colour and a few greys.—They should have long heads, wide between the eyes, and jaws well displayed, with clear placid eyes, and open foreheads, with pointed, well set ears, and fine muzzles and nostrils; neck of moderate length and muscular, with large detached windpipes; having quarters before and behind with plenty of muscle; large bodies with large ribs, and the short ribs close to the hips; standing even and rather wide on legs abounding in bone and sinew, and terminated by rough black hoofs. A white pastern and hoof is about as liable to disease as those of black or dark chesnut colour. The Stallions should be of similar shape, but more coarseness is tolerable in them, particularly about the neck. The mares above described of 15½ hands high or upwards should be put to the Barb and Turk, those under, to the Cleveland bay. These three crosses in the general would produce stock of sufficient size. The best of the colts should be kept for stallions. When a filly was deficient in size she should be put to the dray horse. The crossing and the result of each cross should be regularly recorded. If of very defective form she should not be permitted to breed, or be put to a Jack. If the mule inherited the defect, it would not be perpetuated. And all the blind fillies, and those having defective eyes, should be put to a Jack, for a blind mule would be a curiosity. A colt thus bred might be kept as a coverer at about $10 the price of the season of one mare. And where the blood had been diluted with the blood of the dray, at $7 50 or perhaps $5, which should be the minimum price. Am I asked why the expense of importing a Barb or Turk should be incurred? It is answered, the Byerley Turk and the Curwen Bay Barb got a colt and filly, the sire and dam of Partner, one of the best horses ever bred. He got Tartar, a capital one. He got Herod, the lasting properties of whose stock have probably never been equalled. He got Highflyer, who had no parallel in his day. He got Sir Peter, a good racer, and, as a stallion, without a parallel in his day. He transmitted his excellence to Haphazard; and he to Filho-da-Puta; and he got Birmingham, who, but for the inroads made on his constitution by bad management, might have perpetuated the family stoutness. Perhaps it may be done by Philip, who came of Treasurer, a daughter of Camillus, "whose stock were particularly neat and of great strength for their size."

Having chosen the right sorts to cross, and thereby bring on a new variety, the mode of raising them may be described in a short compass. The mares and horses should be in good health and condition, when put together. During the period of gestation the work to be done by the female should be moderate, and as she approaches the time of delivery the work should be suspended and her condition a little improved. The male should not probably be worked, but plenty of exercise should be given him regularly, and his powers should never be overtaxed. The foals, for the best, should be dropped when the grasses are plenty to increase the flow of milk, or, if the mares are to be worked after foaling, generous food should be given them in sufficient quantities. The young will learn to eat at three or four months old, and may be weaned at five or six. They should be sheltered from the inclemencies of winter, and fed to keep them straight and growing, without being forced to precocious maturity, as is done in England, in the racing studs. The object of the forcing system is to attain size and strength to enable them to contend in "their 3 year old form" for the high prizes. The Derby, the Oaks and St. Leger stakes have great attractions for breeders, and sportsmen; and are annually won, not always by the best colts and fillies, but are annually the means of destroying, or greatly impairing the value of many good ones. Nature would indicate that a horse should have attained full age before he is put to his utmost exertions. Foals should be gentled immediately after their birth, and they rarely, perhaps never forget it. Yearlings also should be kept growing uniformly in winter as in summer, and at 2 years old should be halter broke, and used moderately at three, increased in work at 4, and a filly at 5 will do full work, but a gelding not before 6, perhaps 7.—Very often, however, they are broke down before they are aged by improper management, and thereby several of the most valuable years of their lives are lost or rendered nearly useless.

A few objections may be answered to enable us to come to a close. It is said that the skins of the well breds are fine and liable to chafe and gall. The gear should be made to fit, be of good quality and kept soft and pliant. It is objected against the breeds, that they are bad tempered, and restive, and unmanageable. The objection applies not generally, but to a part, and a small part only. The finest, and best tempered, and altogether the best carriage horse I ever saw, was a Pacolet out of a Spread Eagle. And as to the restive, begin with them young and learn them obedience by times, and keep them obedient. If they are suffered to run wild till four or five years old, you should expect trouble, unless you could employ a "whisperer." I had a filly whose sire had a decidedly bad temper, and her dam's sire was equally vicious. She was worked tolerably well at three years old, but was injured so much by another team that she was turned out for the season, and the next year refused. She bred me a filly, sold for the saddle, and a colt, that works kindly, before I sold her, and a better roadster than her is rarely to be seen. I had two fillies full bred. The one was put to work at three years old and worked kindly.—The other was a splendid creature, that I used under the saddle; but on one occasion and without requiring her work, but rather to see whether she would work, I put her to the plough. As she did not like it, and fearing she might be injured, I ordered her stripped. I have latterly worked a full bred of the same family, and another thorough bred in the wagon merely to see that they would work, and they are now both valuable brood mares, the thorough bred a splendid mare, and has a splendid filly.

Franklin Farmer.

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans.

RICHARD ADAMS, } *Proprietors.*
JAMES S. GARRISON, }

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tdec1]

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. GREAT WESTERN STAKE, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

2. GREY EAGLE STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.

4. THE HOTEL STAKE, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P P.; to name at the Post, the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.

5. GOLD STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold Cup value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841.

7. BREEDERS' PLATE, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 28th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c. four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, by Truffle dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus. Her dam by Highflyer, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses, Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four, she had beaten him the week before over the Rocky Mount course, 3 mile heats, in four heats, running the last heat in 6m, but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 3d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey the winner at Baltimore. She beat Red Rover, who beat Bonnets o' Blue; also Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all impartial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip.—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol 6, p. 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. foaled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's O'possum,) Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g. d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. 1, p. 232), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crabb, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable, but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3 51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston. Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse. Her produce –

9. *Tumult*, a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training.

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons. Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr, a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray. William Williams, Esq., of Davidson Co, Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Ranton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p 570. No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam. Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15½ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia, dam of Anna Maria.

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c.

BALIE PEYTON & Co.

Oct. 12, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

CRITIC FOR SALE.

THE subscriber wishes to sell this thorough bred, and one of the best sons of Eclipse, his engagements not allowing him time to attend to such stock.

Critic received an injury early in his racing career, and was withdrawn from the turf, when he was purchased by the subscriber at a high figure, for his own breeding stud, on account of the purity of his blood, and the excellence of his points. On the Turf he was not distinguished, nor had he a fair chance of being so. He was foaled on the 29th of December, 1829, and according to our rules had to carry one years' weight more than he would have carried, had he been foaled three days afterwards. Again, he was in the hands of a new turfman, who made his debut with Critic and another colt, and although it was acknowledged that he was hard to beat at training a trotter, he became fully satisfied, by awful experience, that it required a different system for a racer. Critic ran six races, from two to four mile heats, winning two and losing four, and receiving forfeit in a seventh.

As a stallion he has had no opportunity of distinction, but circumstances considered, he will not suffer by a comparison with any horse in the country. He has but five of his get living from bred mares. Two 4 year olds, two 3 year olds, and one 2 year old now breaking. The two 4 year olds have been run. One, although thought promising, has not been a winner. The other, Buck-Eye, has run five races. At 3 yrs. old he ran two mile heats, over the Upper Marlborough Course, in sand ankle deep in 5:50—5:49, beating Wonder handily the second heat, but the race was given to Wonder on account of the rider of Buck-Eye (at the instigation of some one in the crowd,) raising his whip to strike him, although ahead, which caused him to swerve from the track about two jumps, passing round a pole standing on a straight stretch, and the only pole on the track, although a circular one. Although Buck-eye lost ground by departing from the track, he thereby describing the arch of a circle while Wonder pursued a straight line, he beat him with great ease. It was offered immediately after to run Buck-Eye against Wonder, two mile heats, for from one to five thousand dollars, and not taken. It is not here intended to detract from the high repution which belongs to Wonder, but to render to Buck-Eye that ample justice which was not accorded to him in the report of the race. He ran last Spring at Trenton, entirely out of condition, and was beaten mile heats. This fall Buck-Eye won the three mile heats at Norfolk in 5:50—5:56. At Washington city in two weeks afterwards, he ran the three mile day in 5:48, winning with ease, but in consequence of the rider of Buck-Eye having violated a rule of the club in running on the outside of the Course in the straight run home, the purse was given to the next best horse, although it was admitted by every one, owners as well as spectators that but for that untoward circumstance, no other horse in the race had any chance. The next week he won the four mile purse of $1000, over the Kendall Course, at Baltimore. The two 3 year olds before mentioned received their first galloping this fall, and have not yet appeared upon the turf. They are large and promising.

It is upon the aforegoing facts that I say no horse in this country has given better assurance of becoming a valuable and successful stallion than Critic. Critic is a fine chesnut over fifteen and a half hands high, with no white except a star and stripe down the face, of uncommon length, bone and substance, is a sure foal getter, and his colts are large and fine.

Pedigree.—Critic was got by Eclipse, his dam Shillings' Crop mare, by Eclipse Herod, (the dam also of Joshua,) g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. Grey, sometimes called Little Medley, g. g. g. d. by Tamerlane, g. g. g g. d by Imp. Juniper, g. g. g g. g. d. by Imp. Morton's Traveller, out of the Imp. mare Selima.

Critic's dam was one of the best bottomed nags in Maryland of her day, and whenever the heats were broken at four miles, she rarely lost. Her sire, Eclipse Herod, ran forty-four races, and won thirty-six, among them the four mile heats at Leesburg, Va., for five years in succession, against Col. Hoomes' best horses. This advertisement has already spread over too large a space. Critic, 10 years old on the 29th of December next, in fine health and condition, is now at the farm of Caleb Dorsey, Esq., near Louisville, Ky., where he can be seen. He will be sold for cash, or upon a credit of one and two years, with approved security. If not sold by the 15th of January, he will be let out in Kentucky, or return to Maryland to make his next season. For terms apply to Caleb Dorsey, near Louisville, Ky., or to the subscriber, directed to Canton, Madison Co., Mississippi.

[nov 23–tjan 15]

CHARLES S. W. DORSEY.

The Louisville Journal will please copy the above, and send their bill to the Galt House directed to Caleb Dorsey.

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES of $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839, to be run Spring of 1842, over the Mulberry Course; five or more to make race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1840. Now three subscribers, viz:

1. Jno. P. White names produce of Robt. White's Sir Charles mare and St. Leger.
2. Arthur M. Payne, not named.
3. Wm. L. White, not named.

Sweepstakes as above, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, sub. $300 each, $1 ft.; six or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1841. Now two subs., viz:

John W Coleman. Wm. L. White.

Notice.

ALL the subscribers to the Produce Stake to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1841, are requested to report if their entries are alive, their color, whether colt or filly, and all the particulars, that it may be published for the information of subscribers. Direct Secretary Mulberry Jockey Club, Fredericksburg, Va.

-tljan]]n9vo

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida.

D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

No. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night.

[Mar16-t'n

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - -	Lafayette Course, J. C. Meeting, 27th Jan.
GALVESTON, Texas -	Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
NEWBERRY, S. C. - -	Jockey Club Annual Races, last Thursday, 26th Dec.
NEW ORLEANS, La. -	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Dec.
" " "	Louisiana Course, Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Dec.
RALEIGH, N. C. - -	Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday in April next.
TUSCUMBIA, Ala. - -	Franklin Co. Course, Spring Meeting, 1st week in May next.
WASHINGTON, D. C. -	Washington Course, Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday in May next.
WAYNESBORO', N.C.	Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April next.

PLAYING A TRICK UPON AN OLD PLAYER.

A TRUE STORY.

While detained some day or two in the pleasant town of Montgomery last season, waiting for a stage, we heard the following anecdote told of an old actor there, which is worth relating.

Mr. C——, the actor in question, has for some twenty years been continually before the public as a delineator of the faults and foibles, the virtues and vices of other people. Age creeping upon him, like hundreds of others, he began to wax sick of the smell of the foot-lights and the tinsel finery about him—he had seen enough of the world—the unreal had lost its charms, and the only real comfort he could see through the vista of the future was in having a little patch of ground upon which he could draw for a sufficiency of poultry and potatoes, turnips and beans, for a subsistence.

His plan was carried into immediate action. A little "place" was purchased, potatoes were planted, the earth was turned up to make room for turnips, and although Mr. C—— was not perfectly at home in his new character, still everything went on marvellously well. He purchased some half dozen hens, and in order to increase his store, set them at work "a-settin'," as Sam Slick says, for an additional stock. He had a sufficiency of eggs for all his flock except one—to procure these was his next care.

Meeting with a neighbor one day, a wag of a fellow, up to all kinds of tricks, he accosted him with, "Mr. T——, have you any hen's eggs to spare? All my hens are setting except one, and I'm out of eggs. Can you do anything for me?"

"Certainly," said the wag, who at once bethought him of a capital trick to play off upon his ignorant and unsuspecting friend. "I can help you out, Mr. C——, and will do it with pleasure. You have no Guinea-fowls' eggs, have you?"

"No; mine are all the common chickens."

"Well, you must have a brood of them to a certainty. I will send you a dozen or fifteen immediately."

"Thank you—much obliged to you—and I'll return the compliment," said Mr. C——.

The eggs were procured by T——, but before sending them to his friend the actor, he boiled them some half hour over the hottest kind of a fire. The next day Mr. C——'s old hen was comfortably installed upon a nest of hard-boiled Guinea-hens eggs.

Time flew along, and in due season brood after brood of common, barn-yard chickens were ushered into existence, and went peeping and chirping about the yard of Mr. C——. All were now hatched except the Guinea-fowls' eggs, and the old hen to whom they were entrusted stuck to her task with a zeal and patience truly commendable, and worthy of a better cause. In this way a month passed without any signs of an addition to Mr. C——'s stock of poultry, and he began to grow impatient.

Meeting T——, he inquired, "How long does it take those eggs of yours to hatch?"

"Oh, some time. You must be patient."

"Well, I am patient, but then it takes them so long."

Another week passed, and still no chickens. Again meeting T——, the actor, with a rueful countenance, asked him, "If he thought the eggs would really hatch?"

"As a matter of course," said the wag.

"But how long does it generally take them?" enquired the actor.

"Sometimes longer, sometimes shorter," retorted T——, who could hardly keep his countenance all the while. "You give the old hen a fair chance, and she'll bring everything out straight."

Ten days more elapsed, and no more signs of young Guinea-fowls than ever. The old hen had stuck to her post until she had become so poor and light that her specific gravity would hardly keep her down, while the patience of the poor actor was entirely exhausted. Curiosity at length led him to break one of the eggs. He saw, in a moment, the cause of their not hatching, but did not suspect the agency his neighbor had in the affair. Meeting the actor shortly after, Mr. T—— opened the conversation with, "Well, has that old hen hatched the eggs yet?"

"Hatched h—ll! No. *She's cooked 'em, though!* You never saw harder done boiled eggs since you was born. Hatched, indeed! I'm much obliged to you for the eggs, but I don't think these common hens are able to do anything with such outlandish eggs in the way of hatching them out."

Thus ends our story of Mr. C—— and his operations in the poultry line. If we have *hatched* a readable story we have made out better than he did *hatching* Guinea-fowls. Picayune.

Salmagundi.

A Negro with the Blues.—"I say, Sam Jonsing, what for you 'ook so sober dis morning? You most usually ollers a larfin, but now you face looks as gloomified and brack as dis last spell of wedder."

"Wy, child, I feel's bad—I'se got what de white folks calls de bloos, and de was sort at dat, dat's what I has, Pete Gumbo."

"De what you call 'em, Sam?"

"De bloos—de raal indigo bloos."

"Dare whar you corner dis child, Sam; you's ahead ob me dis time. Now if it dont make any 'terial difference to you, I'd just like to hear you explainify wat dis bloos is."

"Wy, wy, Pete, you dont know notin. I tort you'd more 'quaintance wid de fiosify ob de human mind. Woll, you see, when a man's got de bloos he looks forard into de commin footoority jest as though he was gwine to draw a blank in de big lottery—he feels like as if all de delightsum prizes in dis low down scene hadn't a single number on 'em. Wen he gets up in de mornin he feels bad, and wen he goes to bed at night he feels wusser. He tinks dat his body is made ob ice cream, all 'cept his heart, and dat—dat's a piece ob lead in de middle. All sorts ob sights are hubbering around, and red monkeys is buzzing about his ears. Dar, dem's what I got now, and dem's what I calls de bloos. How you like to hab 'em, Pete?"

"Tank you, Sam, dis child dont wish for none, not if dem's de sort."

Picayune.

A Capital Hit.—A New York dandy gets it hard in the Cincinnati News: "Capting—I say, Capting," said one of them to the master of a steamer, while on her way from Maysville to Cincinnati—"I say, Capting, I think our Eastw'n Pilots much betwa than yours in the west—decidedly supewiwa."

"Why so," said the Captain.

"Why, yours steer vewy cwooked, first one side then the othwa, but ours always keep stwaight down the bay. I adwise you to send on for one who can make the boat stay in the middle of the rivaw."

Shaving in Spain.—An Irish gentleman travelling through Spain, went into a barber's shop to get shaved. The man of foam, with great obsequiousness, placed his customer on the chair, and commenced operations by spitting on the soap and rubbing it over the gentleman's face; "Blood and 'ounds," was the *illigant* remark of the Irishman, "is that the way you shave a gentleman?" at the same time preparing in his wrath to overturn the wig minister. "It is the way we shave a *gentleman*, Senhor." "Then how do you shave a *poor man?*" "We spit on his face and rub the soap over that," was the Spaniard's reply. "Oh then if I remember nothing else but the one thing it'll be the *Spanish barber's distinction.*" And so saying the Hibernian rose, paid the demand and departed.

"Would you know this boy to be my son, from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman. Mr. Curran answered, "Yes, sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the *blade.*"

A French countryman employed a lawyer to conduct a cause, but did not seem in a hurry to give him his fee. "Friend," said the attorney, "your business is so confused that I cannot see my way in it." The countryman, who was aware of his meaning, drew two pieces of gold from his pocket, and, giving them to the limb of the law, said "Well, then, Sir, here is an excellent pair of spectacles for you."

A loquacious blockhead, after babbling to Aristotle, observed, "that he was obtruding on his ear." "No, no," replied Aristotle, "I have not been listening!"

A gentleman on circuit, narrating to Lord Norbury some extravagant feats in the sporting way, mentioned amongst other achievements, that he had lately shot 33 hares before breakfast. "Thirty-three hares?" exclaimed his Lordship, "zounds, Sir, then you must have been firing at a *wig*"

Collins.—This sweet poet was much attached to a young lady, who was born a day before him, and who did not return his passion. "Yours is a hard case," said a friend. "It is, indeed," said Collins, "for I came into the world, *a day after the fair.*"

"I've got a *bite!*" as the [illegible], when one felt a large mastiff knawing at his leg, as he was [illegible] on private grounds. Frank.

A pretty girl was lately complaining to a *Friend*, that she had a cold, and was sadly plagued in her lips by *chaps.* "Friend," said Obadiah, "thee should never suffer the *chaps* to come near thy lips."

I'll draw upon you at sight," as the dentist said to the aching tooth.

Cool Impudence.—"Mr. Simpkins, you will please return my umbrella which you borrowed a week or ten days since." "Certainly, Mr. Timpkins, *as soon as it clears off.*"

Extraordinary change of Fortune.—Mr. John Mobbs, who died at Islington about the end of the year 1789, by his will bequeathed a large and valuable estate, then known as the Wenlock Farm, to executors, upon trust, for the benefit of his two sons, then of the ages of three and four years, who were to have "proper schoolmasters, to be qualified to become ornaments of society, and to be brought up to the Church of England." The executors, in violation of the trust reposed in them, at a proper age apprenticed them to shoemakers in the neighborhood of Shoreditch, and they have, up to the present time, undergone many vicissitudes, totally ignorant of the splendid patrimony to which they were entitled. The property, which, during the present century, has been considerably improved, comprises about two hundred acres of land, now nearly all built upon, and several old-established and first-rate public houses in Hoxton Old Town and its vicinity, among which are the Old Ivy House, the Rosemary Branch, the Queen's Head, the Cock and Greyhound, the King of Prussia, the Brittannia, the Bacchus, the Plough, the Green Man, the College House, the Whitmore's Head, the Robin Hood, and the Noah's Ark. The will of Mr. Mobbs, after having been secreted by the different parties, in whose hands it has been until within the last few weeks, having come into the possession of his sons, has just been proved by them in Doctors' Commons. The property must, at the present time, be worth upwards of £300,000. London Sun.

Providential Escape of the Countess of Charleville.—From a letter received in town yesterday morning from Perthshire we learn that on Tuesday last as the Earl and Countess of Charleville were travelling in that county, while their carriage was ascending a steep Highland road, one of the horses plunged and became otherwise restive, when the carriage, containing the Countess, was thrown down a precipice nearly forty feet deep, by the unskilful management of the postillions. It affords us much pleasure to be able to add that her Ladyship, although greatly alarmed, escaped without any considerable injury. The Noble Earl had only alighted from his carriage a few minutes before the accident happened.

The Artist's Incognito.—There is a bench in one of the public gardens in Paris, which is the resort of the inferior class of musicians, and where the keepers of places of amusement are in the habit of coming to hire performers. One fine morning, the keeper of one of the *guingettes*, or little dancing and drinking houses in the suburbs, came there to hire musicians for the evening, and saw a little old man of cheerful air, walking up and down. He accosted him at once; "Are you a musician?" "Yes." "I want some one to play for me to-night." "What will you give me?" "Three francs." "It is a bargain."—In the evening the musician took his place in the little orchestra, and began to play waltzes for the *grisettes* and their lovers, who formed the company.

Soon the dance was deserted—every one crowded round the orchestra to listen to a music very different from what they were used to hearing. The ball room grew still as death, except when the silence was interrupted by prolonged and vehement bravos. The landlord was as much surprised and delighted as the rest. "Pray sir, who are you?" "Ferdinand Paer, *maitre de chapelle* to his Majesty Charles X."—It was indeed he, the first musician and composer of the day, who, for a frolic, had pocketed his three francs, and agreed to amuse a far more miscellaneous audience than those he was accustomed to see.

Hawks.—So very great is the eagerness of hawks when in pursuit of their prey, that a person who has a cage of canary birds, which are generally kept at a window, has had it broken by hawks darting at the birds. In both cases the hawks were taken. Another of these birds killed itself the other day by striking against one of the panes of glass of the conservatory of the Royal Lodge in Windsor Great Park, while endeavoring to seize a robin which had accidentally got into it.

Post Master Franklin.—In 1754, Benjamin Franklin was post-master-general, with permission to make 6000 pounds continental money, if he could, out of the whole post-office department in America. The very next year he gave the astounding notice that the mail, which had before run once a fortnight to New England, would start once a week the year round, whereby answers might be attained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston in three weeks, which before had required six weeks. In 1774 it was announced in all the papers of the colony, that "John Perkins engages to ride post, to carry the mail once a-week between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and will take along or bring back led horses, or any parcel." When a post-rider proposed starting, notice was given of his intention by advertisement, also by the town crier, for several days in advance. In 1790, the number of post-offices had increased through the country to seventy-five.

SOUTH CAROLINA ANNUAL RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Washington Course*, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 17th February.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To which are the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names Imp. b. c. *Sovereign*, by Emilius, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon.
2. Also, Imp. ch. f. *Actress*, by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton by Partisan.
3. P. McRa names Imp. ch. f. by Langar.
4. Col. Singleton names Imp. f. by Priam.
5. Paul Fitzsimons names br. f. by St. Nicholas.
6. John Manning names ch. f. by Langar, out of The Balkan by Blacklock.
7. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Sally Taylor.
8. Dr. Heyward names br. f. by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Crusader, out of Roxana.
9. Wade Hampton, Jr. names br. f. *Kate Seyton*, by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
10. P. M. Butler names Imp. b. f. by Actæon, out of Scandal by Selim.
11. Jas. H. Adams names Imp. ch. f. by Actæon, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
12. Jas. B. Richardson names —— by Imp. Nonplus, out of Zoraida's dam.
13. G. Edmonson names ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin.
14. P. McRa names ch. c. *Equinox*, by Gohanna, out of Janette, sister to Sir Charles.
15. John Woolfolk names ch. c. *Cusseta Chief*, by Andrew, out of Virago by Wildair.

Second day—Citizens' Purse, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

The rule hitherto preventing horses starting for this race, that were not under 5 years of age, has been altered, so as to make the race free for all ages, carrying weight for age, as on the other days.

Sixth day—Handicap Race, Three mile heats.

The amount of this Purse depends upon the receipts at the gates.

[dec14-6t] JOHN B. IRVING, *Secretary.*

SWEEPSTAKES, RALEIGH, N. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the *State Course*, as follows:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for Spring of 1840, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March. Four or more to make a race. Now four subs.

J. McLeod. | Hugh Rogers. | David McDaniel. | Maj. N. T. Green.

2. For Spring of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

3. For Fall Meeting of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1840. Ten or more to make a race. Now 8 subs., viz.:

John White. Jno. C. Rogers. Robt. Chapman, by N. T. Green.
Thos. W. Rainey. David McDaniel. Wm. Townes.
Abner Robertson. W. B. Cunningham.

4. Spring Meeting, 1841. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. To name and close 1st day of Jan. next. Now 8 subs., viz.:

George W. Polk. David McDaniel. O. P. Hare.
N. T. Green. Col. McLeod. W. Townes.
Jno. C. Rogers. Col. W. Hampton.

5. Spring Meeting, 1843. Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Now 9 subs. To name and close 1st of Jan., 1840.

John M. Bryan. Wm. McCargo. Geo. Goodwyn.
John C. Rogers. John White. David McDaniel.
David McDaniel. P. A. Prindle. R. B. Cunningham.

6 A Poststake for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, with $500 added by the Proprietor, Three mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st of March, 1840. To be run at the Spring Meeting of 1840.

7. A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st July, 1840. Four or more to make a race. Now 2 subs. To be run the Fall Meeting of 1840. DAVID McDANIEL.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 4, 1839.—[dec14]

P.S. The Races over the Raleigh State Course will commence on the 4th Tuesday in April next, and over the Waynesboro' Course the 2d Tuesday in April next. D.M.

SWEEPSTAKES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to come off over the *Washington Course* at the Spring Meeting of 1840:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft; four or more to make a race; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st of April, 1840.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a rece; to close as above.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race; to close as above.

This stake is confined to nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia at this time. Entries to the above stakes to be addressed to the Proprietor.

The races over the Washington Course will as usual commence on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days. Good purses will be offered, of which due notice will be given. WILLIAM HOLMEAD, *Proprietor.*

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1839.—[dec14]

WATKINS & ASKHAM,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TAILORS AND DRAPERS, No. 61 Nassau Street, New York, and 180 Regent Street, London. Uniforms and Fancy Dresses. Diplomatique and other Appointments. Prices extremely low for cash. [dec14]

AMERICAN
TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE,
FOR DECEMBER.

THE 12th No. of this work will be published in a few days, from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times,*" corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

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WM. T. PORTER.
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, November 30, 1839.

SWEEPSTAKES, OPELOUSAS, La.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, to be run on the day previous to the Fall Meeting of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st March, 1840; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, viz:—H. Carlin.

Persons wishing to subscribe will address E. W. TAYLOR, *Sec'y.*

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

THE Jockey Club Fall Meeting over the *Louisiana Course*, will commence on the third Wednesday, 18th Dec., and continue five days.

First day—Creole Purse $500, $400 to the winner, and $100 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, $300.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, $200 of which goes to the second best horse if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $800; if but one, $700, Two mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Two mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to go to the second best horse, if more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $1000; if but one, $800, Three mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race; now one sub.

Fourth day—A Splendid Silver Urn, cost $1500, and $500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive $1200, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000 Two mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, Mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH, } *Proprietors.*
c1oit51 THOMAS WADSWORTH,

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th Dec., 1839, instead of the 1st Tuesday. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor*

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor.*

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1½ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above— AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.

Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $75 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Oakland Course*, will in future commence on the 1st Tuesday in June, and the 2d Tuesday in Oct [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old; he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, Ameriban Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed ACHMED EL SAID MASTAFANI.
Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252. ACHMED EL EBAB.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race, and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[SEAL] MURAD ARTIN.
Jucaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $50 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis; grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

SHIPMENT OF BLOOD STOCK FROM ENGLAND.

MESSRS. LEWIS SHIRLEY & JOHN BIRCH have shipped from Liverpool on board the ship "John Bolton," for New Orleans, intended to be taken to Kentucky, the following superior blood stock, viz:

The stallion *Valparaiso*, by Velocipede, late the property of His Grace, the Duke of Leeds.

Brood mare *Britannia*, by Jack Spigott, in foal to Memnon Jr.

Also a remarkably fine yearling filly out of the above mare by Memnon Jr.

A roan pure bred short horn Durham Bull, *Pretender*, 3 yrs old, and a fine Heifer, *Lily of the Tees*, 3 yrs. old, possessing the most valuable blood, and remarkably well shaped.

Also a well selected assortment of Berkshire Pigs.

Liverpool, Oct2ober 2d, 1839.—[dec7-1t*]

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,
T. Watson,
Lucius J. Polk,
Wm. Hawkins Polk,
R. K. Polk,
Samuel Ragland,
Nicholas Davis,
Jesse Cage,
Jas. W. Camp,
E. H. Boardman,
George Elliott,
G. W. Polk.

The Trial stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,
Samuel Ragland,
T. Watson,
Willis H. Boddie,
L. P. Cheatham,
Saml. Ragland,
Lucius J. Polk,
William H. Polk, by }
Lucius J. Polk, }
R. K. Polk,
Henry Dickinson,
Alex. Barrow,
Nicholas Davis,
E. H. Boardman,
James W. Camp,
Hickman Lewis,
George Elliott,
Thos. Kirkman,

Wm. Wynn names produce of Victoria and Picton (by Imp. Luzborough).

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,
Fergus Duplantier,
Duncan F. Kenner,
W. J. Minor,
George M. Long.
A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,
Y. N. Oliver,
Fergus Duplantier,
G. N. Sanders,
T. J. Wells,
A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild.
Thos. Barry.
James Jackson.
Jesse Cage.
Saml. Ragland.
George Elliott.
[oct5]

SWEEPSTAKES, CROSS KEYS COURSE, Va.

SWEEPSTAKES for Spring, 1840. To come off first day of the Meeting.—We, the subscribers, do agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, sub. $200 each, h. ft., out of mares that never produced a winner. To name and close the 1st day of March, 1840.

Sampson C. Reese.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1840.—We, the subscribers, do agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, to come off the last day of the Spring Meeting, with colts and fillies then 2 yrs. old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st day of March, 1840; three or more to make a race.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1841.—We, the subscribers, agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., the produce of mares that never produced a winner. To name and close the 1st day of March, 1840.

1. James Talley names produce of his Timoleon b. f. and Imp. Priam.
2. Sampson C. Reese names bl. c. by Cymon, dam by Sir Hal.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1842.—We, the subscribers, agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, to run the first day of the meeting; sub. $200 each, $50 ft., from mares that never produced a winner. To close the 1st day of Jan., 1840.

1. John Ivy names ch. f. by Cymon, dam by Imp. Luzborough.
2. N. T. Williams names produce of an Alexander mare and Cymon.
3. Thos. Payne names ch. f. by Philip, out of Wm. B. Goodwyn's Peggy by Imp. Luzborough
4. Saml. J. Douglass names ch. f. by Cymon, out of Equina.
5. G. A. W. Newsom names ch. c. by Cymon, out of Sally Cobb
6. S. C. Reese names b. f. by Cymon, dam by Sir Hal.
7. James Talley names b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Virginian.
8. E. B. Claud names ch. f. by Imp. Rowton, out of Echo by Eclipse
9. W. H. E. Merritt & Bro. names br. c by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Trapes.
10. Also, ch. f. by Imp Priam, out of Press.
11. Jno. S. Corbin names br f. by Imp. Priam. out of Arietta by Virginian.
12. Also, produce of a Shylock mare.

The races over the Cross Keys Course will commence on Tuesday, the 21st of April, 1840. Proprietor's Purse $300, free of discount. Jockey Club Purse $500, free of discount, Four mile heats. SAMPSON C: REESE, *Proprietor*.

P.S. Any entries made to any of the above stakes, will address Sampson C. Reese, Boykins Depot, Southampton Co., Va.

Cross Keys, Va., Nov. 25, 1839.—[dec 7-4t*]

SWEEPSTAKES, RALEIGH, N. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the *State Course*, as follows:—

Sweepstakes for Spring of 1840, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March. Now six subs.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats. To close 15th March. Three or more to make a race. For Spring of 1841.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Now 10 subs. To close 1st day of January, 1840.

Produce Stake for 1843, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Now 12 subs. To name and close 1st of Jan., 1840. To be run in the Spring.

The Races will take place over this course on the 4th Tuesday in April next.

There will be a Poststake for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, with $500 added by the Proprietor, Three mile heats. Four or more to make a race. Subscribers' names to be sent in by the 1st of March. To be run at the next Spring Meeting.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 3, 1839.—[dec7-3t]

THE NEWBERRY (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on Thursday, 26th December next, and continue until Wednesday, 1st January, 1840:—

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; closed with 4 subs.

1. P. E. Duncan names b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of a Tonson mare.
2. M. R. Smith names ch c. *Gov. Butler*, by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director.
3. John Gist names gr. f. by Bertrand, out of a Sir Alfred mare.
4. William Eddins.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Entrance money of that and the preceding days.

On each of the above days there will be a Sweepstake for unkept and saddle nags. The track will be put in fine condition, and a large collection of good ones is fully anticipated, several stables are already engaged.

The following Stakes are also to come off as follows, a part closed and a part still open, viz.:

1. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1839. Now 8 subs., viz.:

John D. Williams.
Myers & Henderson.
P. E. Duncan.
Hazel Smith.
Thomas B. Osborn.
M. R. Smith.
William Eddins.
John Gist.

2. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1840; three or more to make a race; now 3 subs., viz.:

M. R. Smith.
P. E. Duncan.
John Gist.

3. Produce Stakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, to come off Fall Meeting of 1841, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st Feb. last, with 5 subs., viz.:

1. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Hedgeford.
2. William Eddins names produce of Catherine, by Old Court, and Hualpa.
3. P. E. Duncan names produce of Betsey Barrow, by Harwood, and Young Virginian.
4. Henderson & Fair name produce of Henrietta, by Sir Henry, and Imp. Rowton.
5. James M Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

4. Produce Stakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to come off Fall Meeting of 1842, two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st January last, with 8 subs., viz.:

1. P. E. Duncan names produce of Madeloc, by Young Virginian, and Imp. Tranby.
2. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Henrietta, by Henry, and Imp Emancipation.
3. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Emancipation.
4. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of a Bertrand mare, and Young Virginian.
6. Hazel Smith names produce of Leanah and Imp. Emancipation.
7. Irby & Fair name produce of a Bertrand mare and Imp. Emancipation.
5 William Eddins names produce of Claudia, by Phenomenon, and Hualpa.
8. James M. Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

[nov 23] R. STEWART. *Sec'y*.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take plece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 20*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be adresed S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel,

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY. was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex: Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus, Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N" of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; by Dick, after A. Cooper; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor; Memoir of Deception, by the Same; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes"; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter"; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor"; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow; "A." on Stallions; Matida *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B."; Notes of the Month; Sales of Blood Stock; New Race Courses; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839; Descriptions of the Courses; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses; Table of Abbreviation; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

The *Tenth Number*, for OCTOBER, was embellished with two very spirited and finely executed engravings on Steel; ARTAXERXES, by Dick, after Turner, and WOODCOCK SHOOTING, by the same artists.

Contents of No. X—More Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; The Newest Turn-Out, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Fifth, by Frank Forester; Memoir of Lady Clifden, by "J. J."; Crib-Biting, by Bracy Clark; How to Buy a horse, No. IV., by an Amateur; The English and American Turf, by "Blood Horse"; Turf Register; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c.

The Eleventh Number, for NOVEMBER, was embellished with a splendidly executed Engraving on Steel; WILD DUCK SHOOTING, by Dick, after Arthur.

Contents of No. XI.—More Collineomania, by "J. Cypress, Jr.;" A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Sixth, by "Frank Forester;" Price of Stallions, by "Captain;" Race-Horses, Roses, and Pretty Women, by "Curiosus;" How to Buy a Horse, No. V., by An Amateur; French and English Horses, by "Nimrod;" Remarks on Purity of Blood and Horse-Racing, by "J. H.;" The Sportsman's Reveille, by G. T. Manning; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; American Racing Calendar; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of the subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 22, 1839.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors*.
J. B. TAYLOR, }

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood. bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls. Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent*.

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livington, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
Secretary, Livingston Jockey Club.

June 23, 8139.—[jy 13]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton
Henry A. Tayloe
Rich'd H. Long

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe
Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers
Col. Jas. Lankford
Jno. J. Burton

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr R. W. Withers
J. J. Burton
Henry W. Reese

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.

. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.

James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.

4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19 Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Miago.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J C

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, on the first day of the Spring Races, 1842, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; $300 entrance, $100 ft.; to be run according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Kirkman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.
2. H. Dickinson names ch. c. *Bob Rice*, by Post Boy, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.
3. Also, names b. c. *Bill Sims*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Rebecca by Arab.
4. Saml. J. Carter names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor.
5. L. J. Polk names ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Marshal Ney.
6. W. W. Gift names ch. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Pacolet.
7. Jef. Monks names ch. f. *Betsey Cheatham*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy.
8. S. Donnelson names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan dam by Sir Hal.
9. Thos. Alderson names b. c. by Imp. Philip, out of the dam of Kenlock.
10. Also, names ch. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Glance by Wild Bill.
11. Geo. W. Cheatham names ch. f. by Imp. Skylark. dam by Arab. [oct26]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Dec. 14—Will be revived the Drama, in three acts, of SAM WELLER: or, THE PICKWICK CLUB.

MONDAY, Dec. 16—First night of Madame CELESTE'S engagement; THE CHILD OF THE WRECK; Marianna, M'me Celeste—and LA BAYADERE; Zoloe, M'me Celeste.

Madame Celeste will perform every night during the week.

MOBILE THEATRE.

THE undersigned are building a Theatre in Mobile, which will be ready to open on Christmas eve. It will be more eligibly situated than their late one, and of greater dimensions. It will accommodate *twelve hundred persons.* Professional ladies and gentlemen will please address the firm at Mobile.

[nov30-3t] LUDLOW & SMITH.

CHRIST REJECTED,

AT the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, near Niblo's.—This magnificent and well known picture, painted by the late Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.H., which was so much admired when publicly exhibited a few years since in the United States, where in four of the principal cities, it was visited by upwards of *one hundred thousand persons,* is once more offered to the notice of the citizens of New York, and this will probably be the last time they will have an opportunity of seeing this, the most celebrated production of modern times.

Admittance 25 cents. Descriptive Pamphlets, 12½ cents.

Open from 10 in the morning till 10 in the evening. [oct5]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—There never was less to be said of a week's performance at this house than there is at present. Mrs. FITZWILLIAM has been the reigning star, and playing her usual line of characters. The clever piece of "Foreign Airs and Native Graces" has been played six successive nights with continued applause. Henceforth this lady will occupy a position upon our stage akin to that of POWER or Miss TREE in its substantial rewards; she is one of the few who, unaided and without extra expense to the management, can draw remunerating houses.

Next week CELESTE appears here. The continued and severe illness of Mr. Elliot has unavoidably delayed her intended departure from America; and this simple statement should be a sufficient answer to the jeers of those who find fault with the engagement, because she has already taken a farewell *benefit* in this city.

The house last night, for the benefit of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, was crowded. She now proceeds to Boston, where she opens on Monday next.

Concerts.—On Monday evening Niblo's beautiful Saloon, newly fitted up, and made extremely comfortable, was thrown open for a Concert. It rained pitilessly all the while, and the attendance was in consequence thin. On Wednesday evening the saloon was crowded to hear the same vocalists. Mr. and Mrs. SEGUIN are the great cards in these concerts, assisted by Messrs. Knight, Russel, Gambati, and Loder. We have heard complaints that the selections had not been felicitous; without endorsing them, we have thought it right to comply with an earnest request that the statement should be made in our columns.

Mrs. Seguin has never been fitly appreciated in New York; the power of her voice is very great, and its compass immense. Her execution is perfectly finished and brilliant in the extreme. Of Mr. Seguin enough has before been said; every one admires him, and none more so than ourselves. Our only regret, in listening to him and his wife at Niblo's, is occasioned by reflecting how much more delightful the exercise of their art would be to the town, were they in a situation to receive the support of an orchestra and chorus.

Death of Mr. Henry Knight.

ELKHORN (Md.), Dec, 16, 1839.

Mr. HENRY KNIGHT, comedian, whose leg was amputated last week, in consequence of the great injury received from the passing over of one of the cars at this depot, died yesterday morning at half past 11 o'clock, of secondary hemorrhage, as it is called, I believe, by surgeons. Every attention was paid to him by his friends and physicians, who were constantly with him from the time of the accident till his death. Mr. H. Knight was the youngest son of the late celebrated comedian, *Little* Knight.

English Theatricals.

"THE POOR GENTLEMAN."

This comedy, which was recently so well played at the Park theatre, has been re-produced at Drury Lane. It may be interesting to play-goers to hear what English critics thought of the cast. The following is from the "Morning Post", of the 8th ult.:—

On Wednesday night, Nov. 6th, the performances at this theatre opened with George Colman's comedy of "The Poor Gentleman." It is with regret that we say—not with reference to the acting, of which we shall speak anon, but to the "dramatic patronage of Drury Lane"—that to be a sitter there on that evening was synonymous with "desolation." It was like being in an Arabian desert, without a well or an oasis, and witnessing the advance (in the coming on of the actors) of so many poor devils who were about to share your misery. There were not, during the whole comedy, as many people in the house as would have filled a moderately sized drawing-room. The sensation of enduring the performance was, if only from force of sympathy, truly painful. The comedy itself we did not expect to find adequately played by the present company of the theatre; nor do we think its selection judicious. We are of those who agree with Mrs. Inchbald that it is not, in the highest sense of dramatic criticism, a good play. Compared with the story of "Le Fevre," from which its two chief characters are borrowed, it is bathos. It is full of bright and well-penned truisms of virtue, which strike and tell, particularly when associated with affecting incidents; and there is an innate goodness about most of its characters which wins and charms from first to last. But the weakness is also palpable throughout, and the conclusion comparatively impotent; and, to make both strong, the most vivid, natural, and enthusiastic eloquence and action should be called into play. For it is a drama acting upon the sympathies, and partaking of the character, though much above it, of domestic *melo*-drama. It was written, moreover, in a good spirit and in a good time. One of the small editions of the comedy, got up for the nonce, and worthless in regard to its prefatory criticism, yet tells us the following truths, which are, by antithesis, curiously applicaple to the present aspect of affairs:—"When this comedy was written the mind and mettle of England were enlisted on her side; the Crown was considered as the symbol of a constitutional Monarchy, not the fool's-cap of a licentious mob—numbers arrayed against property, ignorance against knowledge, and sects against institutions, had no chance with the merchant, the trader, and the peasant. Moral virtue maintained her supremacy over animal force (penny-a-line instructed!)—the British lion was not prostrate and bleeding before the rapacity of the Irish vulture!" We have a respect for the spirit which this character indicates to exist in the play, and the moral bears strongly upon the bloody progress of Chartism, as at this moment the *whitlow of the social community* (a simile taken from the comedy), *brought to a head by the Whigs.* Still, we repeat, the drama requires first-rate acting to set it off. Its former Drury Lane cast contained the names of Fawcett, Emery, Munden, Townsend, Davenport, Mrs. Gibbs, and a host of minor talents; its present performance cannot compare with *that* past. The only acting rested with Hammond, Oxberry, Dowton, and J. Lee. The rest was chaos! Hammond played Ollapod, the apothecary. He went through his part with quick-speaking cleverness, and set off its impudence with vivacity. Oxberry, as Stephen Harrowby, the farmer's boy mad-military, was a merry dolt, and told of his blunders properly. His "fortification" he called a "mortification" with *naive* innocence; and blew up his father's pigsty after the most bumpkin-militia-mania of the time. He shouldered his whip, too, and pointed his nose to the stars with a right quixotic love of country soldiership. Dowton was the Sir Robert Bramble. He was weak. We sincerely hope that he may live many happy years as a man; but the public must regret that he is past his "hour of energy" as an actor. He did not give the strength, and fire, and fervor, and sincerity, and enthusiasm of Old English John Bullism. J. Lee, as Sir Charles Cropland, "did his little well." He is certainly (always excepting Hammond in peculiar characters) the best actor on the establishment. Vining was only respectable. He was better than a walking gentleman; but not gay and animated enough for a gallant, impetuous, warm-passioned, and honor-spurred lover. George Bennet's Lieutenant Worthington was dry, hard, proud, and emotionless, without developing any of the delicacies of the character. His namesake played Humphrey Dobbins much more to our satisfaction. Miss Mordaunt, as Emily, was quietly genteel and ladylike, but did not take the trouble to display either action or passion. Mrs. Selby, as Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, was lofty enough in emphasis, and fat enough in bulk; but there ended the virtue of her performance. We have no doubt the comedy would have been much better performed but for the damping and dispiriting effect of such a house. It must have drowned animation like a kitten. The epilogue was spoken and cheered, but when the curtain fell there were not people enough in the theatre to give anything like a manifestation of public opinion.

We have already noticed the new farce written by BERNARD for POWER. It is called "His Last Legs," and is so clever that the London press tire not in perusing it. Annexed is another account of the framework of the piece, and a slight glimpse of the picture within.

"Imagine Power dressed in a shabby suit of black, the coat a close one, skimping and buttoned up to the chin, the only relief to the eye in observing its dingy reddish hue being afforded, not by the graceful white handkerchief of the dandy emerging with a careful negligence from an outside pocket on the left side, but by a dirty, snuffy, raggish looking appendage, which dangled from the front of his breast, and which was frequently dragged out with a well-bred and impetuous air, to receive *Mr. O'Callaghan's* tears when he was overcome by his tender emotions. His lower extremities were encased in a pair of 'tights' considerably whitened at the knees, and which were restrained at the ancles by Hessian boots, in perfect keeping with the rest of his habilments. Add to these a black stock and a pyramid hat with a narrow brim, and worn rakishly at one side, and then conceive, if you can, Power's half-woe-begone, half-devil-may-care expression, and you will not be surprised to hear of the loud roar of laughter which welcomed his entrance, and which prevented him for many minutes of giving any account of himself whatever. At last he begins to tell his own story, and we cannot do better than follow him through his narration. It appears that, like many better dressed gentlemen, he finds it necessary to quit London during the autumn season, and for that purpose he answers an advertisement for a country tutor. He is visited with sad and bitter repinings, however, when he calls to mind, before the schoolmaster's door, the station he once occupied in society, with a fine Irish estate to draw upon; *id est,* creditors who were never paid a farthing of their debts since the time of his grandfather, and who obligingly enabled him to ploy the 'gay deceiver' at Bath, Cheltenham, and such places. On this forlorn journey he has a fellow-traveller, who, *mirabile dictu,* asks him to dinner—a *fête* he had not performed to his satisfaction for ten years before. This gentleman turns out to be a *Dr. Banks,* who, from his wife's infidelity, had become a gloomy misanthrope, had gone to reside in France, and who returned to this country for the purpose of seeking an only daughter, and rescuing her from the contamination of his wife's society. *O'Callaghan's* manner conciliates him, and the unlooked-for invitation, already referred to, is given. Poor *O'Callaghan's* tutorship speculation fails. He is forestalled, and recommended to go to the hotel for a resting-place, with but a shilling in his pocket to provide for the bill. In this plight a messenger arrests his attention, who is bewailing the absence of the village doctor, and proclaiming that his master would give one hundred pounds for a physician to attend his son. This young gentleman is the spoiled child of a very indulgent soft-hearted father, and having taken it into his head (like many of his fellows) to fall in love with a young lady on a visit at the house (who is no other than the daughter of the misanthrope), feigns illness to prevent his being separated from his adored *Julia. O'Callaghan,* having heard the tempting offer made by way of fee, is induced to see how he could succeed in a profession of which he knew nothing, having often failed in callings in which he was well skilled. He takes it for granted, however, that he knows something in this line, having been an excellent horse-doctor when he was in the habit of hunting."

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED.

A very broad new farce by young Morton has lately been produced at Covent Garden, under the title of "Don't be Frightened." It is sheer fun, and was meant to excite laughter, which it accomplished most effectually. The chief incidents of the new farce may be thus given:—

Sir Timothy Flinch, a retired militia officer, living near Shrewsbury, has a ward named Maria, who has two suitors, one Major Rocket, of the Artillery, and the other, Mr. Augustus John Brown, by profession a dancing-master. Sir Timothy is not the most valiant of military commanders, and is in considerable alarm from incendiary fires, and apprehended (or, in another sense, to be apprehended) housebreakers, and poachers. Consequently he keeps all his servants under arms night and day. Major Rocket comes to spend the day with him, but having a misunderstanding with Maria, he suddenly starts off again to his inn at Shrewsbury. In the meantime, Mr. Augustus John Brown enters the house by stealth, having accidentally fired off a spring-gun in getting through a preserve. He is seized by Sir Timothy and his servant, as a burglar, or at least a poacher, and confined at night in a room where there is an easy-chair. In order to effect his escape, he makes love to Mrs. Dainty, Sir Timothy's housekeeper; but, just as he is about to fly, Sir Timothy enters, and Brown conceals himself by taking off the corner of the easy-chair and substituting himself for the back, arms, and legs of it, and when Sir Timothy attempts to sit down, the chair retreats from him, and this leads to the discovery of the dancing-master, who, however, takes flight and arrives at the same inn as that where Major Rocket had taken up his quarters. Here, over a round of beef and a bowl of punch, they concert a plan of operations against Maria, the Major pretending to aid Brown, but, of course, making Brown play his game. Sir Timothy receives new alarms from certain love-epistles, which he imagines threatening letters, and Major Rocket furnishes him with a corporal and five men to defend his house. After a good deal of fun and confusion, Sir Timothy finds that he need not have been frightened, and that the best thing he can do for his future protection, is to allow the Major to marry his ward. We are not quite certain, but we think the dancing-master, instead of Maria, is content to put up with the housekeeper.

The farce was extremely well acted by C. Mathews, Bartley, Harley, Meadows, Mrs. Humby, and Miss Lee, and was greeted with very general approbation, though at the end we heard a few hisses from persons who seemed to fancy, though they had been laughing heartily, they ought not to have laughed at all.

London Observer, Nov. 10.

MUSICAL DEBUTANTES.

Rossini's "Cinderella," with the libretto adaptations and arrangement of Mr. Rophino Lacy, was performed last evening (the 12th ult.) at Drury Lane theatre with fresh appointments and scenery, and the accession of two new *debutantes,* in the persons of Miss Delcy and Mrs. Alban Croft. Miss Delcy has been long announced as the pupil (as we believe she is the daughter) of Mr. Lacy, and as having very promising powers—powers likely to entitle her to the post of *prima donna* at "Old Drury"—and to attract treasure to its chest. A good deal of expectation and curiosity prevailed, therefore, in the musical circles about the young lady's *debut,* which we have to record has been, in the public sense, successful. The house, long before the rising of the curtain, presented a far more cheerful appearance than it has been wont to do of late, and by the half-price it was filled, though not crowded. The overture was well played, being finely led by Eliason, and was encored. Mr. Rophino Lacy, on the occasion of his pupil's *debut,* took for the night the place of Mr. Alexander Lee, and acted as director. Miss Delcy, on her appearance, was received with a warmth and enthusiasm which at once betrayed the friendly feeling of the majority of the audience. This encouragement, if it flattered, also flurried her, and it was with some (very natural) trepidation and timidity that she took her part in the pretty trio from "Cenerentola" beginning "Once a King there chanced to be." We shall speak of her merits, however, not by an isolated test, but as they were developed by her whole performance. At once, then, we pronounce her to be a young singer of very considerable promise and power, but requiring the most careful practice and the most assiduous cultivation. Her voice may be called a soprano, not a *full* soprano, for that would imply more compass and volume than she possesses naturally, or is likely artificially to attain. She has contralto notes, too, which, with skilful nourishing, may be finely available, but which at present are neither rich nor deep. Intonation and expression she must above all things study; hitherto, it would seem that brilliancy and ornament have been made her chief ambition. She has defects, of course, in common with every young singer (we believe she is only nineteen), but many of these will pass away. The quality of her voice, she will never, however, be able to change; and in this there is a palpable deficiency of roundness, sweetness, and rich melodious volume. She sang to B, and we dare say could reach C with effort, and her execution is in some degree dazzling but we would advise a cultivation of chastity rather than ornament in her style, and, above all, a preference for the "expressiveness" over the "sparkle" of vocal eloquence. The *finale,* "Now with grief no longer bending" (the "Non piu mesta" of "Cenerentola") she sang finely, but greatly overlaid it with variations, and took liberties with the melody. She was loudly encored, but we hope that in the reception of this praise she will not be misled by the strong feelings and weak judgment of friendship. We repeat that she sang it brilliantly, but deformed, not ornamented it, by a straining after too much execution and effect. Perhaps she sang best in her duet with Frazer, "Wherefore thus within my frame," which was also encored. The part of Cinderella, though so familiar that every one thinks himself entitled to criticise it, is yet a trying one for a *debutante,* and we must award to Miss Delcy the credit of a handsome acquitment of it. The observations we have made are not given disparagingly, but rather to prompt and encourage in a young singer of promise and capability the promotion of a warmer and a better style. The audience seemed all through in raptures with her performance, and sometimes applauded interruptingly. At its termination she was loudly called for, and was led on by Mr. Rophino Lacy, amid volleys of loud congratulations. We pitied the taste of the person who prematurely flung to her one single bouquet of flowers, which laid companionless upon the stage, in utter and lonely desolation, and was very nearly trampled upon by the fair, and very pretty, foot of the triumphant *debutante, apropos* of which we have never seen a more *mignon* and symmetrical candidate for the glass slipper. Miss Delcy's personal appearance is prepossessing; but her acting is that of a novitiate. The *debut* of Mrs. Alban Croft can scarcely be critically spoken of. We shall reserve opinion until we see her in Polly, in "The Beggar's Opera," which the bills give forth as in immediate preparation. Taking the part of the Fairy Queen she had not much to sing, but the little she *had* developed, in spite of very evident timidity, a fine quality of voice and indications of a good natural taste. If we mistake not we have had once or twice occasion to praise this lady when singing at some of the concerts of the last season. Frazer, who played the Prince, sang better (though still feebly) than we have often heard him; and Leffler got through the part of the Baron Pompolino with very considerable cleverness. Mr. Morley, the bass singer, (returned from America,) was the Dandini, a part which he played successfully nine years ago, when Mrs. Wood was the *prima donna.* Hammond was the servant Pedro. He got a great reception, and several allusions to the success of Miss Delcy and to the recent dulness of affairs at Drury Lane were very warmly cheered. The first of these occurred in a bit of dialogue to Cinderella, and was as follows:—"Let your name be whatever it may (Miss Delcy's *real* name we have intimated is Lacy, and some Sunday critics have cavilled at the stage *nom de guerre*), depend upon it will be a great one yet. You will be better known by and by." This was encouragingly applied to the lady. To Hammond himself the audience responded when he said, "Only one secret I want to know, and that is, when I shall be better off," with loud applauses. He played Pedro with vivacity and care. There was some nice dancing in the opera, particularly the Tyrolienne *pas de deux* between Gilbert and Miss Ballin. The scenery was all effectively got up, especially the pantomimic transformations of a pumpkin into a coach and six, and mice and lizards into horses and footmen. A *jette d'eau* and a kitchen interior were considerably admired. Hammond announced the opera for repetition to-morrow and Saturday. Opinion in musical circles is in favor of Miss Delcy having made a hit.

THEATRICAL CURTAIN HONORS.—"Everybody," says Berlioz, the musical *feuilletonist* of the *Débats,* "is called for after the end of a piece or opera in these days. This *omnibus ovation* simply signifies that the director of the theatre to which the actor or singer belongs is interested in his or her success. It costs about fifty francs without wreaths or crowns; but with bouquets, flowers, &c., a triumph cannot be done under 70 francs. It is a little farce which appertains to certain *débuts* and first representations. The public laughs at it, but in course of time it will find the ceremony of calling performers forward flat and stale."

"The generosity of Paganini towards M. Berlioz has just been thrown in the shade," says the *Nouvelliste,* "by an act of princely munificence of M. Liszt.—This celebrated pianofortist, seeing that the subscription which has been opened for a monument to Beethoven had not reached the desired amount, has completed it by the munificent gift of 600,000f., the entire fruit of his economy."

There is at this moment in Paris a young Englishwoman singing with the greatest success at the Theatre of Renaissance, of the name of Anna Thillon, formerly Miss Hunt.

MALIBRAN NOT DEAD.—The following story is going the round of the Paris press:—"Nothing is talked of in the musical and medical world but the extraordinary cure which has restored to the English aristocracy one of its most influential members. It may be remembered that Lord M. went mad after the Manchester Festival in consequence of Malibran's death. His Lordship was placed under the care of one of the most celebrated physicians of Paris but his *monomania* was incurable. When Pauline Garcia made her *début* here, it struck the doctor that she might be made the medium of recovering the lost senses of Lord M. His Lordship was, therefore, taken one evening to the Odéon, and great was his astonishment to find himself in a dark and obscure *baignoire,* and the surprise of the *habitués* was no less great in observing two strange-looking men [keepers] guarding the outside of the box. At the entrance of *Desdemona* Lord M. awoke from his lethargy; but the effect was marvellous in the prayer scene. Lord M. rose, and, with tears in his eyes, said, 'I knew she was not dead;" and from that moment he has been completely restored to reason. It is even affirmed that his Lordship has offered Pauline Garcia his hand."—[This is a very ingenious tale, but the talents of the singer most certainly did not require such a dramatic puff, and, by the bye, who is Lord M.? *The Lord knows who?*]

MUSICAL DEBUTS IN PARIS.—"You see," says Berlioz, "in noticing the *debut* of a new singer, there is no end to it. Always *debuts,* continually new voices to analyse, compare, and report upon. I do not know what the public may think of the articles, but I can affirm that I am quite sick of writing the conventional terms, 'bad voice, mixed voice, chest notes, *contre ut, contre fa, me-grave,* purity, precision, elegance, double octavo, tenor, soprano, contralto, *éclat,* &c..' I lose breath in repeating the cant terms, and shall, for the future, confine myself to general effect.

At the last performance of *Otello* the audience of the Italian Opera saw the two dramatic lions, or, rather, lionesses, of the day recognise and applaud one another. Mdlle. Rachel, being conducted by M. Cavé into the Home Minister's box, threw her *bouquet* to Mdlle. Pauline Garcia, who acknowledged the compliment by the most grateful salute. Madame Georges Sand's drama, *La Haine dans l' Amour,* is likely to be withdrawn from the Théatre Français. It is said that, owing to the difficulties which the execution and *mise en scene* present, the authoress has determined on supplying instead of it a comedy in three acts. The arrival in Paris of Madame Georges Sand has put an end to the silly rumor of her having entered a Trappist convent. Mdlle. Rachel's continued indisposition has postponed the performance of two new pieces, *Les Gladiateurs,* of Mdlle. Soumet; and *La Fille du Cid,* of M. Casimir Lavigne. A new comedy of M. Scribe, entitled *La Calomnie,* is to be read at the Théatre Français next month. *Clémence, ou la Fille de l'Avocat,* a new comedy of that successful writer Madame Ancelot, has been received at the Gymnase. M. Berlioz has just finished a grand symphony, with songs, choruses, solos, and prologues, composed upon Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet.*

The celebrated Musard has arrived in London. It is reported that he wanted to give Promenade Concerts at her Majesty's Theatre, but that the assignees would not give their consent. It is said he has taken Exeter Hall in the Strand for that purpose.

Sir Joshua Reynolds never marked his name on his pictures, except in the instance of Mrs. Siddons' portrait as the *Tragic Muse,* when he wrote his name upon the hem of her garment. When Mrs. Siddons first saw the picture in its finished state, she went near to examine the pattern of this, which appeared to be a curious classic embroidery, such being, at that time, much in fashion, and she then perceived it contained his name: when making the remark to Sir Joshua, who was present, he very politely said, "I could not lose the honour this opportunity offered to me for my name going down te posterity on the hem of your garment."

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide,*" engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood,* and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick,* from a Painting by *Troye.* Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

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